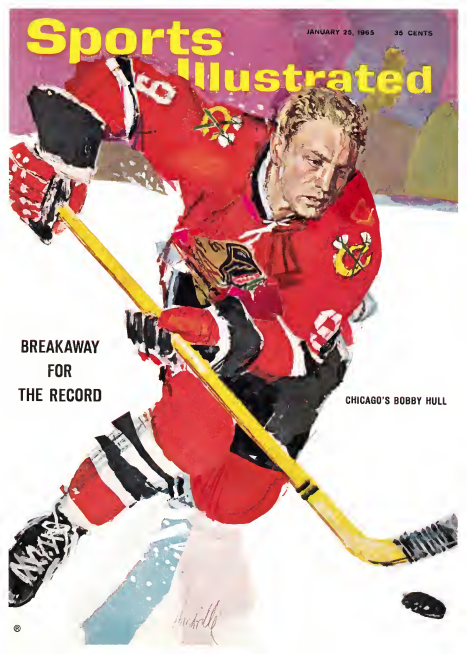


Sports Illustrated



JANUARY 25, 1965

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Next week

A NEW GEORGE CHUYALO will stand up for hopes he will against Floyd Patterson next week. Gilbert Rogin tells how the Canadian heavyweight has been used into a slugger.

PANHANDLE is the name of an Oklahoma school that attracts athletes from as far off as Connecticut and Indiana. Gerald Holland brushes aside the tumbleweed to get a close look.

THE CROSBY, that annual golfing spectacular put on by Bing, marks the usual 1965 meeting of Palmer and Nicklaus. Alfred Wright reports on how the sport's giants fare.

BOOKTALK

A Sierra Club book presents a case
for leaving the Grand Canyon alone

The Grand Canyon is the greatest natural wonder on the face of the earth. For 286 miles the Colorado River cuts through two-story cliffs, some more than a mile high. Layers upon layers of carved rock, each a chapter in the life of the planet, form an open book on the history of the earth, extending back two billion years in time. Biologically the region is a marvel: within the canyon, or next to it, there exist all the climates and associated life zones except one (the tropics) on North America. "I gave it as it is. The ages have been at work on it, and man can only mar it," said Theodore Roosevelt, who in 1909 proclaimed part of the canyon a national monument. Unfortunately, when Congress passed the National Park Act in 1919 only 21 miles of the Canyon was included, and now much of this will be buried under water and silt, perhaps for all time, if the Bureau of Reclamation has its way. The bureau plans to construct two dams, at Bridge Canyon and Marble Gorge, both of these are technically outside the park, but the dams would impair it forever by choking the life of the river.

The story of the canyon and the bureau's depredations are told by François Leydet in *Tame and the River Flowing: Grand Canyon*, the latest book in the Sierra Club's Exhibit Format Series. It costs \$24 and, like others in the series, it glazes with superb color photographs by Philip Hyde, Ansel Adams, Clyde Thomas and other artists of the camera.

Leydet read all the literature on the canyon and its wonders and then traveled it by boat. His description of the trip, interspersed with short excursions into the geology, botany and wildlife of the canyon, forms the substance of the book, and the facts he musters against the two proposed dams are both convincing and horrifying. The bureau plans to spend \$750 million of the taxpayers' money to build two dams that would be wasteful of water (the two lakes created by the dam would send enough water skyward in the dry desert air to supply 10 Denvers and 80 Phoenixes), injurious to the remaining water (evaporation causes a concentration of salts that renders the water deadly for irrigation) and, of course, absolutely destructive to the flow of the river through the national park.

If the Grand Canyon National Park goes on other park will be safe. Jail would be too good for some of those who would despoil America, but a Pulitzer Prize gold medal would be just right for the Sierra Club for the service it has performed in publishing books such as *Tame and the River Flowing*.

—ROBERT H. ROYCE



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SCORECARD

PROPOSITION FROM THE PROS

The commendable decision of Pete Rozelle, National Football League commissioner, to end premature signing of college football players by NFL teams was a fine stroke of public relations. It is an unconditional declaration that will become part of the NFL constitution and nullify any contract signed before the end of the college season, or even before bowl games. And it leaves Rozelle's American Football League counterpart, Joe Foss, standing out in the rain of denunciation that has fallen since the practice was exposed. Foss put up a countershower of words that are meaningless, refusing to commit the AFL until there is a tripartite meeting of AFL, NFL and the National Collegiate Athletic Association. He knows that Rozelle will not consent to such a meeting.

Obviously, if Foss continues to ignore independently the cease-and-desist plea of the NCAA, the NFL could lose some of next year's draft choices to the junior league. Rozelle knew that as well as anyone and, for the good of the game, proved himself willing to take the chance.

As for Foss, he has used words before. It is only four years since he gave his word to the NCAA that he would void such untimely contracts. He has yet to void No. 1.

Rozelle, meanwhile, is oddly criticized by the NFL Players Association, which seeks to unsuit him. With the woozy explanation that Rozelle has not represented the players "as we feel we should be represented," Bernie Parrish, vice-president of the association and a defensive back for the Cleveland Browns, called for Rozelle's replacement by Paul Brown, former coach of the Browns.

These are the same players who, to enrich their pension fund (to which they contribute nothing), recently proposed that the league championship be decided on the basis of two games out of three—a scheme that, what with the excessive proliferation of bowl games, both professional and amateur, could easily set back the advance of professional football by several years. The game should

keep its fans hungry, never fully satiated.

It is one game that should not be given back to the boys.

THE ELURIVE BUCK

For those who failed to get their deer this past season there may be consolation in statistics released by the North Carolina Wildlife Commission. When only bucks were legal targets, 26,38 hunter-days were taken to kill each animal. Even when does also were legal, the average time per deer harvested was 8.24 hunter-days.

COLD SCIENTIFIC PROOF

Many a curler has flipped his tam-o'-shanter at the suggestion that no real good is accomplished by having players furiously sweep the ice in front of the 44-pound stone as it glides toward its mark. Sheer vain display, some uninitiates have held, while others have urged that sweeping was invented as a device to add a spurious air of excitement to what is essentially a dull game.

The scoffers may now consider themselves refuted. During the recent Tournament of Champions bonspiel in Toronto, a machine known as the Werlich Whirlitzer expelled a succession of stones onto the ice, each with equal velocity. The experiment confirmed what curlers have always insisted. Stones that had the benefit of sweeping traveled farther, sometimes as much as 12 feet, than those that were left on their own.

GOLD STRIKE IN GREENWICH

It is just possible, muses Robert V. Behr, track coach at Tower Hill School, Wilmington, Del., that there is much undiscovered track and field talent in the U.S.

While visiting Greenwich, Conn. during the holidays he found himself in cocktail-party conversation with an attractive young matron, Mrs. Terry Ives.

"I used to high-jump in boarding school," Mrs. Ives said casually. Her best jump? Oh, 5 feet 6.

Skeptical, but diplomatic, Coach Behr said, "That's very good, but don't you mean four-six?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "I know it was five-six because it was an inch over my head, and I haven't grown any taller in the last eight years."

After a calming swig of egg nog, the coach pointed out that such a jump would easily have qualified Mrs. Ives for the Olympic and Pan-American teams. At Melbourne in 1956 Mildred McDaniel of the U.S. did a winning 5 feet 9½, but the next best American girl did only 5 feet 2½. In Rome in 1960 our best girl, Neoma Rogers, jumped only 5 feet 5. The winning Pan-Am jump in 1959 was a mere 5 feet 3¼.

Mrs. Ives did her jumping at Stoneleigh-Prospect Hill School in Greenfield, Mass. Neither she nor her physical education instructor realized that there was anything extraordinary about it.

Shortly before the cocktail party Mrs. Ives suggested to her husband that they build a high jump in their backyard so she could exercise at the only sport in which she had ever excelled. Her husband laughed. Now Coach Behr is urging that she take up high-jumping again. Unfortunately, her husband is still laughing.

TALISMAN

Coaching basketball is an emotional business and some coaches prepare for seasons of high drama and deep trauma by bringing along tension-relievers. Bob



King, University of New Mexico coach, favors a small towel, which he finds excellent for wrenching, clenching, brow-mopping, signaling and general all-round agonized floor-slapping. It is red, in honor of the school's cherry-and-silver colors.

New Mexico had a feeble basketball history before King took over, but he took his towel to his first game at the university and the team won. He brought

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

it to every subsequent game that season and, to everyone's delight and surprise, the Lobos had a fine 16-9 record.

King clung to the towel again last year, which, at 23-6, was even better. The team was co-champion of the Western Athletic Conference and won its way into the finals of the National Invitational Tournament at Madison Square Garden.

King wrung the little red towel in this season's opener and the Lobos won again. Then a terrible thing happened. On a trip to play Kansas he left the towel in his luggage. New Mexico lost. After that Mrs. King made sure he carried the towel to all games, and New Mexico won 11 straight.

The towel is not washed after victories. After all those wins, its power seems stronger than ever.

REVERSION TO TYPE

During his days in the International Hockey League, Willie Papp was a pretty fair player. Then, six seasons ago, he traded his stick for a whistle and developed into a top referee in the Western Hockey League. The old longing to play remained, though, and this year, on his days off from officiating, Papp skated back into action in an amateur circuit in Vancouver, B.C., where he lives.

He still had the scoring touch, too—eight goals in his first three games. But the rest of his behavior on the ice was eyebrow-raising in another way—for a referee, that is. In his third game he was penalized first for boarding and then for charging. Finally, he drew a match penalty and was thrown out of the game for fighting.

ISOS OUT AT ARKANSAS

For some time Trainer Bill Ferrell of the University of Arkansas has been suspicious of isometric exercises for such athletes as football players (SI, March 2, 1964). Now he believes he has proof that his suspicions are correct.

During the 1962 and 1963 seasons the university's football team succumbed to the crize for isometrics, in which pressure is applied to immovable objects, the muscle remains stationary and in full contraction. In those two years 14 Arkansas football players had to undergo knee surgery, whereas the previous average had been one or two a season. Taking this into account, Ferrell ruled out isometrics as of November 1963. There

has not been a "surgical knee" since. Only two of the 25 regulars in the two platoons missed a game through injury in Arkansas' 11-0 season of 1964.

"The isometrics build pretty, bulging muscles fast," Ferrell explained, "but you also get a shortening of the tendon that ties the muscle and bone together at the knee. That shortens the range of the joint. When the knee has to give, as it does in football, it can't."

But for the sedentary nonathlete, he added, isometrics is still great.

NO WAY TO OUCK

The federal law against luring ducks and geese into range with grain was designed for a good purpose, but its functioning leaves something to be desired. In Maryland, for instance, commercial camp owners frequently dump corn or other grains into waters around their blind sites. This is not illegal. It is only illegal to shoot over such baited water. More than a few unsuspecting hunters at commercially-operated blinds are fined every year, and some lose licenses. The camp owners usually go unscathed.

There are other hazards. Last month three Anne Arundel County officials and their guide were brought to court for gunning over 17 kernels of corn. There were 80 harvested acres of legal corn behind the blind and 800 bushels lying on the ground. Raccoon tracks were found near the blind, and raccoons carry their food to water to wash it. Raccoons or not, the men were fined a total of \$275.

"Under the law," says Federal Warden Lawrence Thurman Jr., "it is the hunter's responsibility to check around any blind for bait before he starts shooting." Even that may not avail. Thurman concedes that it is not always possible to spot bait, since diving ducks can be lured into range by srewing corn on the bottom in 30 feet of water, where no human eye can detect it.

Possible solutions: let the shooter take 1) a scuba outfit with him or 2) money.

ULTRA SPORT

The nation's first television station devoted almost exclusively to sports is now operating in Detroit. It may be the first of several that Henry J. Kaiser—a big man in aluminum, gypsum, Hawaiian lodgings and such—is building or planning. Except for the two hours between 4 and 6 p.m., when one of those teen-age dance band shows is presented, the station confines its coverage to Red Wings hockey, college basketball, high school

continued

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SCORECARD

basketball, swimming and wrestling. Its managers are contemplating shows on skiing, boating and even roller skating. Some shows are live, some are taped, but all have to do with sports.

This emphasis is something of an accident but at the moment seems to be a happy one. John A. Serrao, general manager, had first planned to present old movies but discovered that these would cost him \$900 an hour, whereas sports shows could be done for two-thirds that. Audience interest appears to be good, though the station, WKBD-TV, is ultra-high frequency, instead of the very high frequency most of us are used to, and there are only 350,000 UHF sets in the area. However, since last May 1 every TV set made in the U.S. has been required by law to be equipped to receive UHF transmissions. WKBD-TV, observing that 500 new sets are being sold daily in its market area, anticipates a steadily growing audience.

Another Kaiser UHF station is situating near Philadelphia, and permits have been issued for others in Los Angeles and San Francisco. If the sports trend is sustained, every day may be like New Year's Day.

PURSE-PROUD AND POOR

Sunland Park is a cozy racetrack in southern New Mexico near the Texas border. To boost attendance, which never goes much beyond 6,500, it enters to visiting conventions. Sunland purses are named after these groups, and sometimes the names get a bit unwieldy on the program. For instance, there have been the Loyal Order of Moose Lodge 554 Purse and the National Association of Refrigerated Warehouses Purse, not to mention the Officers' Wives Club of the Low Altitude Missile Department of Fort Bliss Purse.

Now comes one that is short and apt: the International Com Club Purse, which Sunland's press agent describes as "a toss-up."

THEY SAID IT

• Jack Hurley, fight manager: "I've had more operations than any human being alive. I had 27 sinus operations, and now they say you shouldn't have any. That's how they found out."

• Mickey Rooney, recalling the advice of partner Arnold Palmer after he kept topping the ball on every shot: "He told me to wear lower heels."

END



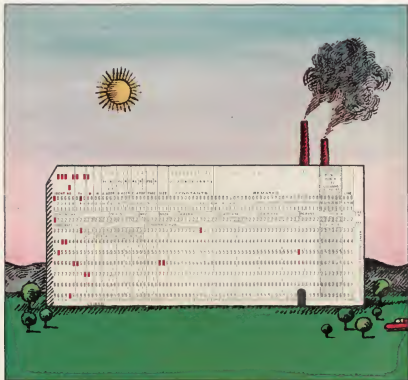
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GO, BOBBY! GO—



Relying on his superior speed and strength, Bobby Hull drives past two opposing defenders before they can organize to stop him. Then, still

TO BEAT THE MAGIC 50

In the boldest attack yet on hockey's seemingly impassable barrier, Bobby Hull has sent his lightning-fast slap and wrist shots into the net 35 times to put him and Chicago on the road to a championship **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The puck was pinned against the sideboards in Detroit's Olympia Stadium during a tense game last week and three determined hockey players were jostling and scuffling with each other to free it. Two were members of the hometown Red Wings defense. The third was an enemy alien from Chicago: the handsome blond left winger of the Black Hawks, Bobby Hull (see cover). In itself there was nothing particularly notable about this situation. Game after game during the current NHL season it has been two to one against Bobby Hull. What made the moment remarkable was the fact that the fanatically loyal Red Wing fans suddenly began chanting, "Go Bobby!, Go Bobby!, Go Bobby! Go!"

And the man from Chicago promptly went. With one move he kicked the puck away from his pursuers. With another he drew back his stick and slapped a 60-foot shot toward the Detroit goal. The net bulged, the red light behind it lit and Bobby Hull, the best single act in the 1964-1965 hockey season, had scored his 35th goal of the season.

At the age of 25, Bobby Hull has enthralled the casual hockey fan, the nonfan and the fanatic fan as few, if any, hockey players have before. Even those padded acrobats who perform on the ice with and against him are stricken with awe at his skill. Only three players in NHL history have ever scored 50 goals in a season, and even those three—Maurice Richard (1944-1945), Bernie Geoffrion (1960-1961) and Hull himself (1961-1962)—all stopped at 50 as if that number represented some strange, impassable barrier. Gordie Howe, the ageless wonder of the Red Wings, once got to 49 goals with two games left to play and could not top the magic mark. The way Bobby Hull is going this year, he seems certain not only to reach 50 goals but to skate right on past to 55 or even 60. "Bobby never really gets started until a few weeks after Christmas," says his brother and teammate, Dennis Hull. Last season, despite his characteristic late start, Bobby scored 43 goals to lead the league. During the 70 games he played he got only 408 shots at the net

continued

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT HARRIS/ELITE



deftly controlling the puck, he evades the last line of defense with a deceptive change of pace and launches his lethal shot at the goalie.

for an average of just under six shots per game. This year Bobby is averaging the same number of shots per game.

In most cases when an athlete goes after one of the valid records of sport (Roger Maris' pursuit of Babe Ruth's home run record, for instance) his efforts generate violent partisanship among fans and players. Hull's push for the scoring record has stirred up no hard feelings whatever. He is tremendously popular with the fans, and enjoys the almost unanimous respect of the players. "I have played with Bobby for 10 years," says Stan (Slash) Mikita, the peppy Black Hawk center who bent Hull out for total points (goals and assists) last year, "and the only thing about him that has changed is his ability. When you come from a family of 11 in Pontre Assne, as Bobby does, you don't really ever understand the words *prima donna*."

As a hockey player Hull is notably unlike that earlier hero, Rocket Richard, an often sullen old elf who could find a loose puck in a pile of coal during a blackout. Richard was a superb player, but he was at his best only in the enemy defense zone. Gordie Howe has been called the finest all-round player of all time, but any judgment of Gordie must be tempered by the realization that he often skates over the outer edges of the rules. Bobby prefers to behave himself, and he plays all over the ice. So far this season he has collected only 20 minutes in penalty time. "It is silly," he says, "to get penalties. You can't score from the penalty box, and to win you have to score."

The Sports College of Canada and Fitness Institute has described Robert Marvin Hull as the "perfect muscular mesomorph." Hull stands 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 195 pounds. His biceps measures 15½ inches—bigger than that of either Cassius Clay or Floyd Patterson. His skating speed has been timed at 29.2 mph, the fastest in the NHL.

Perhaps the most fascinating statistic about Hull reveals that his wrist shot is faster than his slap shot. The slap shot is hockey's flashiest weapon and the one which brings the roars from the crowds. In launching one, the player stops the puck, brings his stick back in the same fashion a golfer uses when hitting a three-iron, then slaps the puck with all his

Hull's back muscles and bigger-than-Clay's biceps are the source of the power in his shot.



might toward the net. At 95 mph Hull's slap shot is the fastest in the league, but his wrist shot, that seemingly easy flick he uses when in full flight, has been timed at 105 mph. Glenn Hall, one of Chicago's two alternating goalies, was asked recently how he feels during the hours of practice when he has to defend against Hull's attacks. "There are days," says Hall, "when you just step aside and leave the door wide open. It is a simple matter of self-preservation."

Opposing goalies have found that even when they get in front of a Hull shot or get their glove on one the puck can break away from them. "Sometimes the clinics," says Jacques Plante of the New York Rangers, "sometimes she dives. What the hell?" Time and time again this season goalies have caught a Hull shot in their gloves only to have its momentum snap their wrists back, allowing the puck to dribble into the net.

Bobby's secret scoring weapons are three. He can change speed on the ice better than anyone in the league. Often an opposing defenseman will try to gauge Hull's speed and meet him in mid-ice, only to have Hull suddenly shift gears upward and get to the planned rendezvous well ahead. Bobby's second weapon is his great strength, which, coupled with that ability to change speed, makes him an almost impossible target for body checking and serves to deter most casual attackers.

Bobby's third weapon is his remarkable fortitude. Most NHL forwards spend about two-thirds of their game time resting on the bench. This season Hull has been averaging about 40 minutes of ice time for every 60-minute game. Billy Reay, the Black Hawk coach, not only makes Hull perform his regular first-line duties with Wingman Chico Maki and rookie Center Phil Esposito but uses him on the power play and as a penalty killer as well. Some question Reay's wisdom in using his already over-worked star for this sort of thing, but by doing so Reay has put an offensive thrust into what is normally a defensive situation. When the Hawks are a man short, Hull's speed in skating and stick handling against opposing defensemen in close to the attacking zone often can lead to a break away and a clear shot on the net.

It is often assumed, and not without cause, that when a team in the NHL gets a high scorer who steals the headlines,

disension quickly grows on the rest of the club. The pride of Canadian hockey players is thick and often resentful. Moreover, goals scored can mean money banked. Hockey salaries and bonuses are adjusted on the basis of goals and assists. At contract time the general manager of a club will often set the number of goals which he thinks a player is capable of getting. If the player goes beyond that number he gets a bonus for every goal scored above the agreed figure. Recently hockey has added another fine scale for judging the worth of a player. Statistics now are kept on man-to-man performance—and if the man you are matched up with scores more goals than you do, Harry, look out.

Although other individual Hawks are normally jealous of their own totals, they genuinely want Hull to break the scoring record for a quite simple reason: whenever Hull scores, the whole team moves a little bit closer to that elusive first NHL championship it came so close to winning last year.

Thanks in part to Hull's performance and in part to an idea of his, the Black Hawks stand a pretty fair chance of breaking the all-time team scoring record of 259 goals set by Montreal in the season of 1961-62. The gimmick Chicago is using to accomplish this trick is Bobby's own "hooked" hockey stick. Unlike most sticks, whose blades are almost flat, Hull's has a curve in it, which, he says, enables him to get better control of the puck. Actually the curve is only five-sixteenths off the straight, but it gives the shooter the feeling that he is catching the puck and then throwing it at the goal, like a lacrosse or jai alai player. Most of the Black Hawks are now using these hooked sticks. "They used to take the old sticks," said Dennis Hull last week, "and put them under their doors at home so they would get a little bend in them. Then they started to have the manufacturers bend them for them. Most of us can feel the difference in sticks, and the bent ones do give you more control. But Bobby," added the star's brother in sudden solemnity, "could score with anything."

Bobby himself has a sort of intuition about his talents. "There are nights," he says, "when I can tell long before a game how it is going to go. When you first go out onto the ice in the warmup you can tell. If your legs feel light you kind of smile to yourself and you take great joy

in skating around and getting warm. When I go back down into the dressing room 15 minutes before the game I often say to Dennis, 'I feel he's got it tonight; I feel he's got it tonight.' Dennis laughs and sometimes he kids me by sending the word down the line, 'The Rolls-Royce is going to roll tonight.'"

"I guess it all begins the morning of a game when Billy has his meeting. Sometimes it's in the hotel, sometimes it's at the arena. He goes over the opponents and talks of the good things we did the last time we played them and the bad things, too. I think about it all and slowly begin to get myself up for the game. I don't growl or pound my fist into my hands. The enemy just stays in my mind and I think about what I might do and what kind of mistakes they made on me last time.

"Sure, I sometimes think about Pointe Aerie and how I used to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning when the house was dark and I'd take my skates and go on the ice alone. I guess I was no more than 5 years old. It used to be cold when I got back and I would build a fire to get my hands warm. For a non-Canadian this might seem silly but not for a Canadian. I think of my father and how he gave up what might have been a great career in pro hockey to raise a family. I thank him. I remember the games I played in the Juniors at St. Catherine's and how he and Mum would come to the games, and Mum would sit at one end of the rink and my father would sit at the other.

"He would take the end where we would be shooting on the net twice and when the games were over he would say, 'You only had two goals, you should have had five!' Mum would say, 'Nice game, son.' I think things like this when I am getting myself up for a game, and my wife says that when we are on the way I'm like some stranger who does not see what she sees because my mind is out on the ice.

"People ask me do I get tired of being interviewed or interrupted on my days off," says Bobby, "and the answer is no. If people think enough of me to want to shake my hand or talk to me or interview me then time must be made for it. Everyone asks, 'Do you think you can break the record?' I think so. I hope so, but it doesn't seem to be putting pressure on me. The goals are in the stick. All I have to do is shake them out." **END**

ANOTHER BIG BLUFF BY BIG WILT

Traded away for almost no cash and three run-of-the-court players, Chamberlain is again threatening to take his investments and go home. Jerry Lucas, meanwhile, has taken home the All-Star MVP **by FRANK DEFORD**

At midpoint the pro basketball season has a familiar look: the Celtics are running away from the rest of the league, the East won the All-Star game and Wilt Chamberlain is threatening to quit. The Celtics' surge and the East's victory, though expectable, at least have been exciting to watch. The petulant moods of Wilt the Stilt are getting to be a bore.

Chamberlain is one of the genuine superathletes of his generation. He could have been a first-rank shotputter, high jumper or quarter-miler, but he chose to abandon those events before discovering

his own limits. And he has never discovered—or shown anyone else—how good he can be in basketball.

Chamberlain has quit or threatened to quit five times: as a sophomore and as a junior at Kansas, after his first year as a pro, when his team moved from Philadelphia to San Francisco and last week when he was traded from San Francisco back to Philadelphia. The threat has nearly always been used by Wilt as an instrument to bargain for more money, and he has consistently gotten away with the bluff. If the NBA had called his hand when he

said he was quitting—for silly reasons—after his first year it might have turned Chamberlain into a full-time athlete instead of a part-time financier, into an athlete far more amenable to coaching and to the demands of team play. At that time Wilt would not have quit; he did not have the money to quit, and he had no other means of earning real money. Instead he got his way, and he has continued, in basketball, to do only the things that come easy to him because of his talent. That talent is remarkable, but it remains only partially developed. Indeed, Chamberlain has hardly improved over the player he was in high school. Asked once (at Kansas) why he did not practice moves other than dunking the ball or his fallaway jump shot—essentials like foul-shooting, for example—Wilt replied that foul-shooting was not what he was being paid for.

He is now being paid \$75,000 a season, and that is one of the important reasons why he has been traded. Wilt was drawing the salary and not the fans, and the Warriors were nearing the end of their period for depreciating Wilt's value for income tax purposes. Worse, the rest of the San Francisco team had suffered by the imposition of Chamberlain's somewhat limited style instead of benefiting from his accommodation to their abilities.

Chamberlain probably is bluffing this time, too. He has invested his NBA money intelligently, but the apartment houses he owns in Los Angeles yield a low immediate return and a nightclub in which he had a financial interest has folded. At the same time, he now considers San Francisco another of his home towns, and he has no intention of giving up his \$400-a-month two-bedroom decorator-furnished apartment in fashionable Pacific Heights.

The trade itself is startling on more than one count. It is the most sensational basketball deal ever, but it is also the first time in the history of professional sports that an athlete of Chamberlain's stature has been traded while at the peak of his career. That he was exchanged for



Lucas balances his trophy and tries out his prize after winning performance in St. Louis.

less than \$50,000 (not the widely reported \$300,000) and three guys named Neumann, Shaffer and Dierking whom most people never heard of is also extraordinary. Finally, it was transacted at 12:30 in the morning after the All-Star game in St. Louis by a group of men on the landing of a winding staircase at a party at Stan Musial's restaurant. An NBA referee named Joe Gushue, casually ambling up the stairs to attend a buffet dinner, overheard the conversation. Just as casually, he informed his fellow diners that the most famous basketball player in the world was being traded down there on the stairs.

In 1963, when Alex Hannum took over as coach at San Francisco, he persuaded Wilt and the team that they could play together, still depending a great deal on Wilt but working with him. It worked. Chamberlain scored the least and assisted the most of his career, and the Warriors won the Western Division title. But this year the system has collapsed, and the Warriors are the worst in the league. True, they were hit hard by injuries—but not that hard. "Last year," an NBA official says, "they were all cutting off Wilt and working together. This year nobody moved. Wilt was forced to shoot most of the time, whether he wanted to or not. The whole team has just lost heart. These guys are pros, all right, but their attitude became 'What if we do win a few? Who can make money with this guy on the team? Who gets any kick out of playing with him?'"

So the problem of handling Wilt passes to Philadelphia Coach Dolph Schayes, who has never been a Chamberlain booster but now says manfully that Wilt can lead the team to a title. Schayes and the 76ers' owners are deluding themselves about Wilt's gate appeal. Actually, he is only a one-time attraction, and most people in Philadelphia (his real home town) have seen him already. Besides, as San Francisco found out, Chamberlain is a better draw on the road—he is the big bad guy and people can root against him—and, by one of the NBA's rules to help weaker franchises, the home team keeps all the gate receipts.

The trade should have little effect on this year's standings. San Francisco is just too far behind in the West, and Philadelphia is up against the league's two best teams in the East. Cincinnati is getting an outstanding coaching job from Jack McMahon, Jerry Lucas is

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Masked to protect injured nose, Chamberlain vainly attempts free throw in All-Star game.

HI JOE, WHERE ARE YOU?

That was the unanswered question all Britain was asking after the nation's outstanding young racing greyhound (below) was snatched from his kennel by unknown thieves in the dark of the night

by JOHN LOVESEY



Until Hi Joe is found," said Detective Sergeant Peter Jarrold, summing up the matter in the firm way of British policemen. "the case will never be closed." And that, it began to seem, was that. After he and a small army of fellow gumshoes had combed the British countryside in vain for two whole weeks, Jarrold was only able to add, "Let's face it, I don't know where the dog has gone."

The disappearance of the most popular racing greyhound in all England had been noticed first by his trainer, Miss Noreen Collin of the Forest Cottage kennels, on the night of January 2. Miss Collin had just returned to Epping from London's White City Stadium. "As I drove in the gate," she said later, "and saw the shed door was open, I somehow knew. All I could think was—Hi Joe."

Noreen raced to the back of her house where her six kennels stood—each one individually padlocked and all protected by another padlock on the door of the shed that housed them. She found that the padlock securing the shed had been neatly severed with a bolt-cutter. Whoever cut it apparently had then gone straight to the last kennel on the right, which housed a bitch named Paula's Pal, herself a highly valuable animal, and the dog called Hi Joe, a sleek little (63 pounds) speedster who was already the 10-to-1 favorite to win Britain's richest greyhound race, The Derby, in June. Paula's Pal was still in her kennel when Noreen got there. Hi Joe, the best-known puppy in the land, was gone.

Who had taken him? And why? And how?

"This is our affair now," Noreen's kennel manager, Wilfred Lambert, told police the night of the theft. "but tomorrow morning it will be the whole nation's worry."

He was right. By the middle of the following day, the cottage at Epping was besieged by television crews and newsmen. A general description of the dog was distributed to police throughout the country, and an intensive watch was established at seaports and air terminals. Two ex-Scotland Yard men employed by the National Greyhound Racing Society began combing contacts in the underworld. None of them turned up a trace of Hi Joe.

The thief or thieves apparently had driven up in a car around 8 p.m. but nobody in Forest Cottage or nearby had

seen them. Noreen had left for White City at 4 o'clock. Lambert had followed an hour and a half later, leaving the kennels locked but unsupervised except by Noreen's elderly aunt, Winifred Howlett, a lady of 80 who was in the house sick-aided with the flu. At 8, Aunt Winifred had been joined by a neighbor lady of 77 and the neighbor's 13-year-old niece. They were all upstairs together when they heard the three house dogs barking. "Probably a cat," said someone. But Mrs. Coleman, the neighbor, went down to have a look anyway. She found the shed door and the garden gate both open, and she heard a car driving away. But rather than disturb Aunt Winifred by calling the police, she decided to do nothing until Noreen got home, thus giving the thieves a three-hour start. While police endeavored to pick up their traces, the nation wondered at their motives.

Irish-born and the property of a prosperous bookmaker named Victor Chandler, 2-year-old Hi Joe was just reaching his peak as a racer when he was stolen. In the brief period he was under Noreen Collin's charge, he won 10 out of 14 races, and all of his last six. Remarkably consistent, he raced round White City's \$25-yard track in 28.72 seconds, faster than any puppy before him, and then went back a fortnight later to repeat the performance. Named the Puppy of 1964, he had easily defeated all the other highly rated greyhounds in his class in a special race only three days before he was stolen. His achievements suggested that he might eventually outshine even the legendary Mick the Miller, a dog bred by an Irish priest, who set an all-time record of 19 consecutive wins in 1930, won the Greyhound Derby two years running and now stands proudly stuffed in the Natural History Museum in South Kensington, London.

Hi Joe's value before the theft was put in the vicinity of \$14,000. Depending on how he performed during the important part of the racing season (greyhound racing goes on all year long in England), it might have grown to much more. A comparable dog named Lucky Hi There is valued at nearly \$30,000. Lucky won 16 consecutive races and, now retired, commands a stud fee of 50 guineas (\$147). Noreen Collin believes that they might have been able to charge 100 guineas for Hi Joe's stud services when he retired, which could

reach a sizable figure if Hi Joe were to service a bitch a day.

In Britain, greyhound racing is big business, the second-largest spectator sport after soccer. Although attendance has dropped since the postwar boom, a situation reflected in other sports as well, 12 million people attended dog meetings last year, and it has even become fashionable to own a greyhound. On and off the track, approximately \$300 million is bet annually on the dogs.

Small wonder then that there was national concern over Hi Joe, who was scarcely gone from his kennel before bookmakers in Ireland began taking bets on where he would be found. Many bettors favored Glasgow's bush-league "flapping" tracks, those small greyhound racing strips unaffiliated with the National Greyhound Racing Society. This theory soared momentarily when a truck driver reported that he had seen two men exercising a black dog beside a Jaguar on M6, the main high-speed road to Scotland, but it collapsed when police checked the license number of the car the trucker said he had seen. The number was out of service.

To wiser heads, the idea of Hi Joe running at a flapping track or anywhere else seemed pretty ridiculous, particularly in the light of the \$1,400 reward (later doubled) offered by owner Chandler for the return of the dog with no questions asked. With the whole British population on the lookout, such an outstanding performer might be expected to arouse a certain amount of suspicion. Even if Hi Joe were dyed pea green, he had other characteristics much more difficult to disguise. There was a bone in his forehead that gave his head an odd, easily recognized shape. On his left ear he was tattooed with the letters VHX, a code marking similar to one given all greyhounds born and bred in Ireland. Even if this could be obliterated, Hi Joe's toes would remain as the final giveaway. The National Greyhound Racing Club in London has an exact record of the pigmentation of every single toe on Hi Joe's paws, and this is as effective a method of identification as a man's fingerprints.

But to match paw pigments, one needs paws. At the end of two weeks slender threads had taken the chase to Wales, up to Scotland and down to Kent, but nothing concrete materialized. A black great Dane, glimpsed briefly in a car

and mistaken for a greyhound, set the police on one of many fruitless investigations. In Glamorgan-shire, a greyhound answering to Hi Joe's general description was found running loose on the mountainside but it was another dog altogether. There was a macabre report that the body of a racing greyhound with its feet cut off had been found at the bottom of the cliffs at Hove on the English south coast. It turned out to be a poodle. A wild, unconfirmed rumor suggested that the dog had been shipped to Spain or Portugal, where an animal as magnificent as Hi Joe would practically lap the field. And in Whitstable, Kent, a 79-year-old astrologer named Rupert Cobb studied the stars and gave it as his opinion that the dog was in the English Midlands.

The most recent and most favored theory is that the dog has gone—or will soon go—to America. An investigator said: "It seems the only logical conclusion." If any U.S. reader notices a dog fitting Hi Joe's description in Tampa, Colorado Springs or Taunton, Mass., try calling him over. If he is Hi Joe, he will answer to his nickname Archie. **END**



Trainer Noreen Collin suspected foul play when she spotted the open kennel door.

Moving Up in the Downhill

To prepare for this year's international competition, the best skiers in the country—101 of them—gathered at Vail, Colo. last month for two weeks of intensive training under the fierce eye of Coach Bob Beattie. Since it was largely on the basis of intresqued performances that the 13 youngsters who eventually made the 1985 team were selected, the air crackled with energy. Most of the training time was devoted to down-



hill racing, a U.S. weakness, especially in the women's division. "It's the prestige event," said Beattie. "We must improve." Toward that end Beattie named Chuck Ferries, the former Olympian, to help coach the 28 girls in camp. At first many of them were leery of Vail's steep downhill run, but by the end of the session they seemed to be enjoying it. Equally enjoyable was the fact that at Vail there were three boys for every girl.



Trainees Suzy Chaffee and Cathy Allen (43) look fascinated and a Vail husky looks bored as Daniels McCoy demonstrates a downhiller's lock. In need of practice but not much instruction was Joan Streibert (above), medalist in the 1964 Olympics

CONTINUED



PHOTOGRAPH BY JULY GLENN

Moving Up *continued*

Using her after-ski hours to best advantage, Suzy Chaffee (left), a freshman at Denver University, trades stories with 20-year-old Ni Orsi, the leading downhill skier on the U.S. team.

After racing 20 miles of downhill during the day, Vicki Jones, Sandy Shelworth, Wendy Allen and Suzy Chaffee (left to right) loosen their muscles in the hot heel of a Finnish sauna.

Frank Emery (left below) and Olympic slalom medalist Jimmy Heuge console Peppy Mull, a 20-year-old law student who broke her foot during a downhill run the day after Christmas.







THE BUG BOY RIDES LIKE AN OLD HAND

Apprentice Jockey Mike Venezia had 192 winners last year—including six firsts and three seconds in one day at Aqueduct—and he'll be riding in the big stakes for Greentree Stable at Hialeah **by JACK OLSEN**

From the head to the belt a jockey is dressed like a clown, from the knees to the ground like an English lord, and for the rest he is covered by translucent nylon breeches that reveal his undershorts. In such undignified attire it is not easy to be as impressive as Michael Venezia, the 19-year-old apprentice for "bug boy" who is now riding winners in Florida after a spectacular opening season in New York. Venezia is small, even for a jockey; fully dressed, he weighs 95 pounds and stands one inch over five feet. When he appears atop a horse he looks like a dreadful error, and one waits hopefully for the P.A. announcement: "Will Mr. Venezia come to the starting gate and pick up his lost boy Michael?" A few minutes later the poor child has stormed across the finish line two lengths ahead of his nearest competitor and one begins to get the idea that the little fellow may be adequate after all.

Every year brings its hot apprentices; they tip toe out of the wings and whal and pousette to the ooohs and ahs of those who fancy innocence. Then, as

quickly as they arrived, the bug boys vanish behind the barns, where they are to be found in their golden years walking hot and shoveling manure. This could happen to the Brooklyn-born Michael Venezia, but don't hold your breath till it does. There are apprentices and apprentices. In 1964 Bug Boy Venezia rode more winners than any other apprentice in New York history and climaxed the season by rattling off six firsts and three seconds on a single day at Aqueduct—a feat accomplished about as often as the electric light bulb is invented. For his labors atop 192 winners last year the little kid from Brooklyn earned about \$95,000, or \$1,000 a pound. And now one question is heard wherever he is discussed: What will happen when he loses the bug?

The bug is an asterisk, that same mark of punctuation that has bedeviled athletes like Roger Maris and Ford Frick. In horse racing an asterisk is used to show that a jockey is an apprentice, and it is good for a weight allowance that varies from three to 10 pounds—Vene-

zia's is now five pounds and will be until April 23. Many an apprentice has been a winner with the asterisk and an also-ran without it. Is Michael Venezia worried about losing his bug? "I think about it a lot," he says in a rare burst of volubility.

But in the meantime he is finding that life as a bug boy can be beautiful. He drives a Pontiac 2 + 2, a dashing convertible into which he almost disappears when he gets behind the wheel to tool out to the track for morning workouts. The car has 376 horses and pushbutton windows and tires that cost \$90 apiece and a radio with two speakers and a "reverb" switch that sends the music rocking back and forth. He prefers driving the car with the top down, and nothing short of a monsoon will cause him to raise it. When he parks the car in the horsemen's lot, he gets out and combs his hair in the reflection on the polished door. He wears his soft brown hair in a small wave disciplined by a touch of greasy kid stuff; he has a minor complexion problem, like many another

Venezia pondered. "Well," he said, "if I had to spend my whole life eating one kind of food, then I'd have to think about it."

Michael Venezia came to the racetrack via the south side of Brooklyn, where he "played stockball and hung around." "Those were the two sports we did," he explains. "Anything after that was work, and work we didn't go for. But we always felt we'd accomplished something even though we didn't do nothin'. We didn't feel like we were bored, know what I mean?"

During Venezia's childhood, his uncle, Al Scotti, was fashioning his own career as a hot-walker, exercise boy, jockey and trainer. When Michael was 10, Uncle Al took him to Belmont Park and put him on a pony, and the boy began his riding career in the predictably cliché manner: he was thrown. Five years went by before he approached another horse, this one a playful Thoroughbred named Fort C, and owned by Uncle Al. "I got up on that horse, and he dropped me," Venezia re-

calls. "I came back the next day, and he does it again, and then he drops me for the third straight day. On the fourth day I stayed on." His own childhood experiences with big, tough horses have left Venezia with a compassionate attitude toward nervous riders. "You don't ever call a jockey yellow or chicken if they don't want to ride," he says. "Some people are just afraid. I've seen guys exercising horses that were really scared of horses. You feel sorry for 'em, you don't knock 'em. Especially like half of 'em started riding and took a very bad spill and it shook 'em up. Yeh, I fell, too, but it affects some people more than others. Me, I just didn't think about it. Some people think too much."

Indeed, if Venezia started thinking too much about all the spills he has taken and all the horses that have caused him trouble he probably would go to night school and take up accounting. For a while last year he rode for Edward O'Brien, an owner-trainer who is known for his patience with both horses and

riders, and there was one spell when an O'Brien horse named Naybor was carrying on a blood feud with the big boy. "Naybor was a comition [troublesome] horse," Michael recalls with no gusto. "He came out of the gate and went down on his knees and I went right over his head. The next time I rode him he was all over the racetrack. When he was on the outside he wanted in, and when he was on the rail he wanted to get out. He'd pass another horse and he'd turn around and try to hit him. Naybor wasn't a nasty horse, he wasn't rank; after a race you couldn't find a nicer horse. But I just couldn't seem to handle him; the best I could do was third, and the horse should have won both races. So Mr. O'Brien put Boh Usery on him, and right away they win. I learned something from that. Naybor needed somebody to really school him, and that's what Usery did. Usery's really too much at bossin' a horse. He lets 'em know right away. He could kill a horse if he wanted to, he's that tough."

But another jockey switch paid off for the boy, at Al Scotti's expense, and now that both uncle and nephew are prospering they relish telling the story. "I rode a horse for Uncle Al," Venezia begins, "and he figures to win easy. His name was Reely Swift, and he was really swift, but I lose on him."

Al Scotti jumps in: "So the next time I run Reely Swift, Michael is already committed to ride a horse named Mc Cavan, so I hire Bill Hartack to ride Reely Swift, and I figure I got a lock on the race. I'm 2 to 1, and I've got money bet on my own horse—that's how sure I am."

"So we go into the stretch," Michael says, "and I'm fourth on Mc Cavan, and Hartack is first on Uncle Al's horse. But all of a sudden Reely Swift came out and lost ground, and I sneaked through on the rail and won."

"And paid \$52.90," says Uncle Al ruefully.

Soon after *Trifolium* Reely Swift, Uncle Al, an affable blue-eyed man of 38, decided to retire from the business of owning and training horses and devote himself full time to handling the business of his talented nephew for the customary 20%. As Michael Venezia's agent, Scotti is perhaps as much of a success as the jockey, though the evaluation of jockeys' agents is not an exact science. "Winners bring winners," racetrackers say, and as soon as Venezia began scoring



UNUSUAL LENGTH of Venezia's strappes shows as he waters up for his first—and winning—stakes race of the Florida season, aboard the Greenlee Stable's *Trifolium* at Tropical Park.

(continued)



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heavily at Aqueduct and Saratoga, the trainers flocked to Uncle Al for the boy's services. But Scotti had already done his most important work; he had taught Venezia a riding style that won races and also appealed to trainers. "The main thing about him," says Scotti, "is his ability to give a horse a chance. He doesn't use a horse up too early. That is the biggest defect of apprentices, and it's only natural. They get too excited, anxious to win, and they move early and use a horse up too quick."

"But Michael is cool. He whips with both hands, but he's not what you would call a whip rider. A lot of trainers don't like you to hit their horses. You hit a horse once or twice and if he doesn't respond there isn't much point in hitting him anymore. If Michael hits a horse a few times and nothing happens he'll go back to hand-riding him. Most apprentices just keep banging away."

Arnold Winick, a leading young trainer, was impressed by another Venezia characteristic. "I like the way he rides long in the irons," Winick said. "That makes him very attractive to me as a jockey. Too many bug boys jack the irons way up; they think they look sharp on top of the horse. But you have better control with longer irons."

Venezia was surprised to hear that anyone had noticed how low he keeps his stirrups. "Some fellows are embarrassed to ride long," he says, "but I figure it helps me stay on horses if they get rank. If I was riding real short I wouldn't be tight on when I came out of the gate. Yeh, I know it looks great to shorten up and ride way up on top of the horse, but I'm not out there to look sharp. They don't care how you look if you go by the wire first." This utilitarian attitude impresses trainers and gets Venezia even more mounts. Says Frank McManus, one of the trainers for Greentree Stable, Venezia's winter employer: "For a bug boy to be so cool and have such judgment is amazing."

Venezia's unshakable coolth has almost become a personal trademark in his first year of racing. In the pre-race warmup one never sees him hot-dogging it: strutting or posturing or crowd-pleasing, like some jockeys. "It doesn't make any difference what's going on around him," says an exercise boy at Tropical Park. "Venezia just sits there with his head down, maybe talking quietly to an outsider or walking the

horse off by himself. Other horses can be terran' up and rarin' all kinds of hell, but this kid moves around like him and the horse was alone in the world. He's the same way in a race. If he's gonna rate his horse, he's gonna rate it, and he don't care what's goin' on around him or what the others are doin'. One day I saw him go to the lead and then take back and take back and take back till his horse was just about walkin', and all the rest followin' behind, afraid to move out and make the pace. At the quarter pole he just flew away before the rest of 'em knew what was happenin'. Man, he's ice water!"

All the high praise notwithstanding, there are those who still take Michael Venezia with a grain of salt, and one of them is Michael Venezia. "Whenever I ride now, I get those five pounds," he says, "and who knows what I'll be like when they take the bug away? Right now I'm getting live mounts because that five pounds makes a difference, to the horses and to the trainers. Like you have a horse that's maybe just a little sore and yet the horse has class and I'll run anyway. So they'll put the apprentice up, because it means just that much less weight on the sore leg. But when I lose the bug, maybe they'll try to get Ycaza instead of me, knowwhatmean?"

Racing is littered with bug boys who faded away when the asterisk evaporated, and with others who were big winners as apprentices but only run-of-the-mill jockeys later. "Every year there's an apprentice that's gonna be another Arcaro," says a New York racing official. "I remember when it was supposed to be Mickey Solomon; he sat a horse like Arcaro, looked like him just like one cabbage looks like another cabbage. Then there was John Beebe, and Terry Bove, and Ronnie Ferraro as a bug boy was the hottest thing since Coca-Cola. Two years ago it was Michael Carrozzella, and this year it's Venezia. But the last outstanding apprentice to become a really outstanding rider was Howard Grant, and that was seven or eight years ago. It's just like rookie bullplayers. At first nobody knows much about them, nobody knows their weaknesses, their style. It's that second time around the league they get him. After losing his bug, a jock is in for a John Foster Dulles period—a time of agonizing reappraisal."

The crucial time for a jockey is the first two or three weeks after he loses

continued



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BUG BOY -continued

the bug. If he continues to get five mounts and win with them, he can go on to become a top rider. If he starts to lose, there is a reverse momentum; everyone attributes his apprentice success to the five-pound allowance and drops him cold. A key factor, then, is an agent who can convince trainers that the jockey will be a winner with or without the weight allowance, and thus can keep the boy on strong mounts. In April that will be Al Scott's job, and he is girding for the challenge. The other night Scott and Venezia and Joe Shea (Ron Turcotte's agent) were sitting around discussing the future. "The trouble," said Joe Shea, whose real name is slightly longer and more Neapolitan, "is that racing is a game of situations, getting your boy on the proper horse in the proper race on the proper day. And then some other horse with a little more class drops in on you and wins it. Racing isn't a game of absolutes, is it? Absolutely not! Now Al'll have to be dealing with all these situations when Michael loses the bug."

"Winners bring winners," Uncle Al said. "It's all a game of winners. Whoever's winning at the time, he gets the business."

Michael usually sits quietly during such discussions, but sometimes he cannot resist administering a needle. "The guys who got it easy are the agents," he said, nudging a friend under the table. "The jock has to do all the work."

Joe Shea snapped to attention, cleared his throat and intoned: "Did it ever occur to you, Michael, that you may be very capable as a jockey and yet you're not worth two cents as an agent, because you don't have the ability to be an agent but you have the ability to be a jockey but an agent has this ability to be an agent. That's why they're necessary." And he rapped the table by way of Q.E.D.

"Joe," said Michael, "I was only kidding you. I think every jock needs an agent."

"The thing is," said Joe Shea, laughing, "there's some question about whether an agent needs a jock. In the age of automation, the jock'll be completely gone. We'll use monkeys and pay 'em peanuts." Apprentice Venezia feigned anger, but Uncle Al, apprentice agent, remained silent, perhaps thinking of April and the missing asterisk. "How much," said Joe Shea, "is 20¢ of a peanut?"

END



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HARDY ST. MORITZ

PAINTINGS BY ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS



The problem of resorts is that the people who enrich them are apt, at any phase of the season, to abandon them in favor of others just over the hill. One phenomenal survivor of the vagaries of fashion is St. Moritz, the Swiss Alpine village that was the first of all the world's playgrounds to be called a winter resort and has long been the foremost haven of the rich and royal. This winter St. Moritz entered its second century of fancy visitation and pleasurable profit. The porters were in their places (*above*), the teatime view of snowy peaks and lapis lazuli sky from the stately old Palace Hotel (*right*) was as satisfactory as ever and no well-bred pet went cold for want of a mink coat. Turn the pages for more of Artist François's impressions and a guide useful to all St. Moritz travelers, rich and otherwise.





St. Moritz devotees say, "We come back every year, see the same people and believe we are not getting any older." To foster this illusion, chic strollers wear high-necked silk pullovers to conceal double chins, swathe themselves in furs or Old World capes and parade with their pedigreed pooches along the village paths. Skiers line up for classes with well-bred rumps straining brightly colored tights. Others who are less active—but forever young—snuggle under bearskins on a horse-drawn sleigh festooned with balloons and a footman who wheezes an accordion.





Tradition compels all gentlemen of spirit, especially Englishmen of this aristocratic desperado's kidney, to plunge at 60 mph down the famous Cresta Run on tiny skeleton sleds.

TRAVEL FACTS: OLD LADY WITH YOUNG IDEAS

You have seen, no doubt, those maps of the U.S. drawn from the point of view of a New Yorker: half of the country is made up of Manhattan and Long Island, separated by an abysmal stretch of desert from The Coast. Until last winter, I would have drawn St. Moritz with the same sort of astigmatic perspective. Looming over a frozen lake would be the balconied and turreted Palace Hotel, surrounded by Rolls-Royces and inhabited by gigolos and aging ladies with lap dogs. Speeding downhill from this scene on the icy Cresta toboggan run would be a suicidal Englishman on a fragile piece of metal aptly called a skeleton. All the rest would be marked *terra incognita*.

Last winter, after a visit to the Imnbruck Olympic, I was compelled to visit St. Moritz. In a disastrous season it was one of the few places in Europe with skiable snow. I steeled myself for what I imagined would be a sort of Monte Carlo in the mountains where the very decadent and the very rich begin their day at lunchtime, play bridge at \$10 a point all afternoon and dance the night away at fancy-dress balls.

The Palace Hotel is indeed a fabulous *bellevue* pile—it is also one of the great hotels of the world. The Cresta is a suicidal creation, but only Englishmen and Italians are considered cowards if they come to St. Moritz and do not run it. Filling in the rest of the Engadine topography is like peeling off a thick crust of preconception and finding underneath a dazzling reality.

There is more winter sport to be had in St. Moritz and the villages tucked into the neighboring valleys around it than in any other place in the world. To the infinite variety of uphill facilities that lace the enormous snow fields belong the towrope Piz Nair and Corviglia, site of the 1928 and 1948 Olympic Alpine events, there have been added in the last two seasons three entire mountain complexes—all reached by cable cars. The Dowager Queen of winter resorts has no hardened arteries.

In addition to the superb skiing, there are seven ice rinks, eight curling clubs, one of the world's best bobbed runs, and on the frozen lake a 2,000-meter flut-and-harness-racing track with a grandstand for 10,000 spectators. When the horses end their season in February, car races are held on the lake by the light of the moon—speed is a passion in St. Moritz.

As surprising to the first-time visitor as the variety of the sport is the variety of living

accommodations. In addition to the internationally famous deluxe hotels there are on every hand *penions de famille* where one gets three meals and a bed that is an immaculate sea of down for \$7.50 per day. And while there are fancy-dress balls, there are also on every side cozy coves with small *combos* or *discotheques* where the finest dress is jeans and a turtleneck. One can emulate Stavros Niarchos and ski one glacier after another by helicopter—at \$70 per hour—or for \$30 a week have access to all 40 lifts in the upper Engadine. For those as misnamed about St. Moritz as I, here-with a guide to it and its surroundings.

GETTING THERE St. Moritz is at an altitude of 6,000 feet, in the sunny bowl of the Engadine Valley of southeast Switzerland—125 miles from Zurich and Milan, 250 miles from Munich. The train takes four hours from Zurich, nine from Munich. From Milan the Eurobus makes the trip in five hours. It is a good idea to rent a car on arrival—without one, transportation to the four separate ski areas can be both tiresome and expensive. Buses are packed in season, and taxis charge \$4 for a ride from one area to another. Hertz and Avis-Swissways both have local agencies. Rates go from \$4 to \$8 per day, plus 6¢ to 9¢ per kilometer.

STAYING THERE In St. Moritz at the Palace, the Kulm, the Suvretta House and the Carlton rates start around \$25 per day. American plan. The Kulm has marvelous food (its *Rôtisserie des Chevaliers* is the best grill room in town). The Bernasconi and the Crystal are both well located close to the lifts. Rates start at \$9 a day, American plan. The Chaletella is a fairly large hotel (160 beds) splendidly situated high in the middle of the ski runs. A room with bath, American plan, is \$12.50 up.

Close to St. Moritz there are several delightful villages. All are less expensive. The village of Pontresina, four miles from St. Moritz, is a particularly good choice for serious skiers who do not care about a jumping night life since it is close to the Diavolezza glacier runs and the new Lagalb lift. The U.S. Olympic squad trained here last winter. All the other villages—Champfer, Celerina, Samedan, Silvaplana—are within six miles of St. Moritz proper, and they all have plenty of accommodations of the pension type. The Engadine villages are filled with medieval farmhouses, painted pastel

colors, with charming architectural designs etched around doors and windows.

The specialties of the region—*Bündnerfleisch* (dried beef), *chaparets* (spinach-bacon-and-cheese croquettes), *maiers* (fried potatoes)—are simple and savory. It is the kind of food that appeals to both hearty appetites and sophisticated palates. The place to try it is St. Moritz in the Chesa Veglia, a big, cheerful restaurant with deep windowsills full of geraniums blooming in the sun and a bowling alley and pizza bar, all built into a 16th century farmhouse. A three-course dinner with wine costs around \$8. At the Trigane restaurant, next to the tourist office, kids with tight budgets eat the Trigane dollar special—it consists of beef covered with mustard, spices and oil and roasted over an open fire—and drink the local wine, Veltliner, at \$1 the half bottle.

SKIING THERE The good skiers quickly find their way to the new Piz Corvatsch and the Diavolezza and Lagalb trails. Corvatsch is a permanently snow-clad peak 11,263 feet high. There are as of last year two cable cars carrying 80 skiers in eight minutes to the midway stop at 8,865 feet, and then up to Corvatsch in five minutes more. Corvatsch provides an eight-mile run from the top down to St. Moritz-Bad on the lake, or five miles to the west, ending at Silvaplana.

Diavolezza's glacier skiing is almost perfect—the *pistes* undulate down the beautiful mountain in pitches that range from intermediate to expert, and you always know where you are—you cannot get lost and there are no crevasses to worry about. The slopes face north and northeast.

Just down the road from Diavolezza is the precipitous Lagalb Mountain, opened last season with a 60-passenger cable car. It faces west, and the two mountains make a good team—when one ices up the other is likely to be still in the sun. The runs on Lagalb are steep enough for the most schuss-happy skier, yet wide enough for the intermediate to feel at home. An eight-day ski-lift ticket for the entire upper Engadine costs \$30, a 15-day ticket, \$45. Ski school is \$14 per week. A very good investment, as anywhere in Europe, is a private guide. It will cost \$12 per day in St. Moritz, and in such an enormous area it is more than worth-while. Not only will your skiing improve, but he will take you where the skiing is best under any weather condition.

—FRED R. SMITH

The older Choate boy had had all he could take from that perpetual dormitory nose-maker, young **Jack Kennedy**, so he set out to fix him. Reported 15-year-old Jack in a letter (below) to a friend at Lawrenceville: "The other night a member of the Student Council got me out on the track and had me running a mile & 1/4 straight. He had some kind of a war coat hunger and every time I slowed up he would smack me on the tail. He was a track man and he went fast as hell. I was so damned pumped that I could hardly walk the next day." Last week an auction in New York the Kennedy letter was sold for \$2,700.

Goose Tatum, star and impression of the clowning Harlem Reed Kings, was having, by his own admission, one of his best

nights. Near the end of a game against the New York Olympians in Houston, Goose had 50 points and the crowd soresided with laughter at his antics. Suddenly Tatum dropped to the floor, writhing. The audience laughed. Amid elaborate confusion, Tatum was torn off by two enacting seammates. The crowd laughed harder. It didn't stop chuckling, in fact, until it discovered that Tatum had broken his leg in two places.

Playing host to a convention of country and western music men at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans, chairman **Pete Fountain** gave one and all a hot tip on the daily double. How could one miss on Jeffrey, Jr. (the name of his son) in the first and Fountain's Guy in the second? His guests, of course, were tearing up their tickets before the po-

nees turned for home in the first race. Jeffrey, Jr. finished last—20 lengths behind the winner.

If **Jack Paar** is on crutches for his show this week, few television viewers, presumably, will be surprised. Stranger things have happened on Paar shows. This particular contretemps occurred when novice-intermediate skier Paar failed to coordinate all vectors coming down a slope at Canaan Mountain. Jack completed his trip down on a ski patrol toboggan, then transferred to a station wagon for a dash to the hospital. "Jack just got a little out of control," said Paar's Manager Thomas Cochran. X rays revealed "slight ligament strain."

Anyone yearning to be named one of the year's Ten Outstanding Young Men by the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce would do well to acquire some imposing sports credentials. Note this year's selections, particularly **Dr. William F. McGill** and **Charles Jackson Wheeler**. Orthopedic Surgeon Bill McGill was an All-America end at Stanford and one of the Chicago Bears' best receivers. Wheeler—student, adventurer and, at 21, the youngest TOYM winner—was a judo instructor at age 11, the youngest climber of the Matterhorn at 14 and a swimmer of the Hellegion at 17.

Charles (Chuck) McKinley took a job with New York brokerage firm R. W. Pressprich & Co., and American Davis Cup hopes took a hard blow to the gut. "My job now is to sell stocks and bonds, not collect silverware," said the 24-year-old Wimbledon champion of 1963.

Stirling Moss, who has retired from auto racing, may be forced to retire from driving altogether, at least temporarily. Moss must appear in court to answer a summons stating he drove without due care and attention, failed to stop after an accident and did not report the accident.

Sometimes cast as a waterfront tough and sometimes as a black-jacketed motorcyclist, **Marlon Brando** has been attempting to modify his Samley Kowalski image. Eyebrows were raised, therefore, when Brando showed up with his arm in a sling during a Hawaii vacation. Marlon had a ready explanation. He had dislocated his shoulder playing touch football with his 7-year-old son Christian. "The kid's tough," said Brando.

The State of New York hadn't had time to find out whether its new deputy boxing commissioner was a workhorse or a mule, but it was sure that his name was Sal and his domain was 17 counties along the Erie Canal from Albany to Buffalo. That familiar 5 o'clock shadow being sworn in as commissioner was, in fact, **Sal (The Barber) Maglie**. Admitting that he didn't have the whole lowdown on his new field, the former pitcher said he was learning boxing fast. As for wrestling, officially labeled exhibition rather than sport in New York, and which is also in his jurisdiction, Maglie said sanguinely, "I imagine most of it is honest."

One thing Racing Driver **Jim Paschal** hasn't done lately is die. However, that's not the way UPI had heard it: the war service listed Jim Paschal of High Point, N.C. as one of four NASCAR Grand National drivers killed in accidents in 1964. "My God!" said Paschal. "I don't think I've been killed. At least I hope I'm not walking around dead."

The Wolverhampton Wanderers were fortified in their quest of the British Football Association Cup by a confession of devotion from the **Dowager Viscountess Boyle**, sister-in-law of the Princess Royal. "I am a very keen supporter," said 81-year-old Lady Boyle, "but isn't it terrible if they are bottom of the league? Still, I tip them to win the cup. It is quite exciting shouting, 'Up the Wolves!'"

I'm going down to Cape Cod the other night a member of the Student Council got me out on the track and had me running a mile & 1/4 straight. He had some kind of a very real hunger and every time I slowed up he would smack me on the tail. He was a track man and he went as fast as hell. I was so damned pumped that I could hardly walk the next day. It was at 11 at night. If you want to write, I'm writing, he race of America as possible
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Jack Kennedy
with

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Like trees, boats should be wooden

So says a man who builds the
best and wouldn't reach out for
fiber glass if he were drowning

I don't like the stuff, I don't like the way it looks. I don't like the way it feels. I don't even like the way it smells. The truth is," added the frustrated traditionalist, "fiber glass stinks." Nevertheless, after years of unwavering fidelity to wooden hulls, that particular sailor has just bought himself a brand-new boat built of laminated fiber glass. "I suddenly realized," he said in lame apology, "that I enjoyed sailing more than I did sanding, caulking, priming, painting and pumping."

This attitude on the part of many other sailors, traditionalists and icono-

clasts alike, has steadily increased both the output and consumption of fiber glass boats. At last year's National Motor Boat Show in New York 54% of the 475 boats on display were made of fiber glass. At the show that opened in New York this week the percentage of fiber glass over other materials had risen to 56%, and there seems little doubt that it will rise still higher at the 1966 show. More and more dinghies, outboards, cruisers, sports fishermen and ocean racers are blossoming out in fiber glass. And because of the ease with which it can reproduce a design, more and more new racing classes are born in fiber glass. Many old ones, among them Snipes, Lightnings and Wood Pusses—all traditionally dedicated to wood—are now admitting hulls of fiber glass into their ranks.

One notable exception to this trend is the Star class, which is still restricted to wood. And one notable holdout from the increasing army of fiber glass converts is the man who builds, and will continue to build—in wood—the best Star boats in the world. He is a 34-year-old artisan from San Diego named Carl Eichenlaub, and his revulsion and distaste for fiber glass is equaled only by that of the teredo worm. "I'll give up building boats before I ever use that stuff," he says.

Carl Eichenlaub's friends sometimes refer to him as Eichenlob—and not without reason. He wears a T shirt that Marlon Brando would hesitate to spit on, and his torn and stained blue jeans hang at least three degrees below the equator of his waistline. For years nobody has known the precise color of his close-cropped hair, because it invariably is camouflaged by several coats of marine paint and is generously powdered with sawdust.

The San Diego, Calif. boatyard where Eichenlaub practices his art is not much tidier than its owner. Power tools smudged with grime and pitted with rust lurk here and there under huge, dirty tarpaulins. Snakes of mysterious pipe wind their way aimlessly about. Scraps of cedar and mahogany strewn the ground along with bits of rusty cast iron. An ancient Star boat with daylight seeping through its open seams occupies the only

continued



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clear space in the yard, and near it rests the skeleton of a half-finished cruising boat that belongs to a do-it-yourself amateur who somehow persuaded the yard owner to rent him a corner to work in. "We're going to load it up with two of everything so we'll be ready when the rain starts," explains Carl Eichenlaub laconically.

The office from which Boatbuilder Eichenlaub supervises this garden of prosperity consists largely of rows and rows of dusty paint cans, a few pieces of spare boating gear and a broad front window with a sign that announces firmly at all times of the day or night: "Closed."

"If I let them think we were open," says Eichenlaub, "people might come in and bother me."

Despite his precaution and because Eichenlaub-built boats have, at one time or another, dominated the Snipe class, the Lightning class and especially the Star class, people bother him anyway. An Eichenlaub Star won every world championship from 1957 to 1960 and again in 1963. Of course it helped to have skippers like Lowell North, Joe Duplin and Bill Ficker sailing them, but a good skipper sailing a good boat will beat a good skipper sailing a bad one every time.

Because there are more good skippers than there are good boats, orders for Eichenlaub's Stars pour in from all over the world. Even the Russians have shown some interest. But if an order does not contain a cash deposit, say those close to Carl, he just throws it into the wastebasket.

In this age of production lines, quality control and cost inventories Eichenlaub is characteristically vague about his yard's output. "Good Lord, I haven't the faintest idea," he said when asked how many Stars he had built altogether. But loose records lying around the shop show that he built at least 17 Stars last year at \$3,400 apiece, 11 Lightnings at \$2,200 and six Snipes at \$1,425. He is equally vague about how long it may take him and his lone assistant, George Froshower, to complete a job.

Although Eichenlaub once built a Snipe in three days in a round-the-clock push to get it done in time for a championship, his methods are not those of a time-study production line. Star boats as a class are becoming so refined that there is little one boatbuilder can do to

continued

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BOATING continued

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"In many ways Carl is a genius," says Lowell North, a sailmaker who has three times sailed himself to a world championship in Eichenlaub Stars. "Although some sailors on the East Coast may not agree, we on the West Coast know that he is the best."

There is some talk now among Star sailors on both coasts of admitting fiber glass hulls into their sacrosanct fleets. But the talk does not bother Carl Eichenlaub. He is confident that, fashioned by the right hands, a wooden boat will always triumph over one made of this alien material, and his confidence is not rooted in mere prejudice. After a year-long study, he is convinced that the resins which hold the layers of fiber glass together to make a molded hull go on curing for months after the hull has been taken from the mold. This means, in Eichenlaub's view, that the boat will go on changing shape for as long as a year. Since one thirty-second of an inch in the wrong place would be an unthinkable horror in an Eichenlaub Star, these twisted monsters (in Eichenlaub's view) offer him no threat. "If a wooden boat changes shape," he says, "it's fairly easy to correct. With fiber glass, you're in a mess."

If what he says is true—the glass people strongly deny it—this might prove a reasonable argument against fiber glass. But Carl Eichenlaub has what he thinks is an even stronger one. "Boats," he says with the finality of a busy man who doesn't like a lot of foolish palaver, "are supposed to be made of wood." **END**

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The Hartmanns at home. Dor's wife, Marilyn, with sons (from left) Richard, Mark, and Chris.

PHOTO BY LINDA BROWN



The night the Cyclones met a thunderclap

The crowd, as always, was raucous at Lehigh's packed Grece Hall, but Iowa State refused to rattle. Behind after three matches, the Cyclones stormed back to win and prove they are one of the country's best teams

Barnabas Meriwether, who proclaims himself the world's greatest amateur wrestling gate-crasher, once got into the New York Athletic Club to see the Russians wrestle the U.S. by having his son strip to his shorts and impersonate a contestant. The situation was not quite that desperate in Bethlehem, Pa. last week, but it wasn't easy. Along with his wife and 6,000 other passionate enthusiasts, Meriwether turned up for the dual match between Iowa State and Lehigh. Most Americans could hardly care less, but Meriwether fidgeted like a man trapped in his cell with the water rising. As usual, he had no tickets and all 3,800 seats had been sold. Not even the threat of a blizzard had kept the crowds away, for this was the No. 2 team in the nation meeting No. 4-ranked Lehigh (Okla-

homa State is first and Michigan third). As Lehigh Coach Gerry Leeman put it, "This is a tremendous chance for eastern wrestling to prove itself."

In the end, the match proved that eastern wrestling is good but not quite good enough. Iowa State won 15-9. Barnabas Meriwether, on the other hand, more than met the Lehigh challenge—he somehow finagled seats both for himself and his wife. Wrestling enthusiasm is nothing new in Bethlehem, which prides itself on being a steel center, the Christmas City and the home of the Bach Choir and of Lehigh, for years possessor of one of the finest wrestling teams in the land. Even Dr. W. Deming Lewis, who became president of the university just last October, soon found himself caught up in the fervor. Dr. Lewis is a space scientist with

three degrees from Harvard and two from Oxford. Not long after he arrived on campus he took slide rule in hand and figured that, according to the mathematical theory of probability, Lehigh was 4,041 years ahead of schedule in the matter of undefeated wrestling teams. The Engineers had had eight seasons without a loss in 55 years of competition.

There was hope, before Friday night's match, that this year's team would push the overall record even further ahead of schedule. Lehigh had won eight straight, five of them this season. Iowa State, however, came to town with even more impressive credentials—an undefeated streak of 27 matches and a lineup that included a champion, a runner-up and two fourth-place finishers at last year's NCAAAs. Still, Lehigh had the home-



court advantage which, according to other visitors, can be considerable in crowded, noisy Grace Hall. Once wedged in, the 3,000 lucky ones seem determined to prove that they can make enough noise to peel the paint off the ceiling. They become a stomping, hand-clapping, chanting, howling mob, and it takes a wrestler with strong eardrums and iron concentration not to crack.

There is even a tradition of terror. Some years ago a Navy wrestler complained that a girl fan seated near the edge of the mat kicked him in the head. Two years ago Army's cadets issued what has become known as their "revenge letter." It was a detailed complaint concerning the previous year's meet, and it read in part: "Lehigh has all the varsity sports, but they care for only one—wrestling! They recruit almost as many wrestlers as we do football players. . . ." To which Lehigh can only plead guilty. Last fall, 48 men showed up for football practice. A few weeks later, 90 turned out for wrestling.

Wrestling coaches do recruit, not because they want to but because they

have found they must. "You have to go out and get the talent these days," says Coach Leeman. "The high school coaches do the teaching, and we try to polish the boys up. We recruit as much as our money allows. We'll go as far as Ohio, Virginia, New York and Illinois for a boy."

"You have to talk to 'em because everybody else does," is the way Harold Nichols, the Iowa State coach, puts it. "We have 12 boys on full scholarships on our team each year. It's still not easy getting 'em, though."

An hour before the match Nichols sat in his room at the Hotel Bethlehem studying a map and figuring how to drive his team to Maryland for the next day's match. "No use gettin' excited," he said. But he did, of course. Leaving for Grace Hall, he tried to start his engine with his room key. Then he turned into a one-way street the wrong way before being straightened out. When he parked he left the headlights on.

If Nichols' nerves were raw before he got into Grace Hall, they were about shot as the match began amidst a thundering cacophony that would have un-

settled an astronaut. When Lehigh sophomore Mike Caruso scored a 7-6 win in the first match against Roger Sebert, State's runner-up in the NCAA last year, the noise bulged the walls. Lehigh won the next two matches, giving the Engineers a dizzying 9-0 lead.

Then Bob Buzzard came through with the first win for the Cyclones. "I said to myself, 'Ya gotta go out there and get that meanness right out of ya,'" he said later. Gordon Hassman, the NCAA's 157-pound champion last season, won the next match for Iowa State, making the team score 9-6.

In the key match of the evening Harley Ferguson, the Lehigh captain, drove in for a takedown with one minute to go. He seemed almost to have it—and the win—when State's Vic Marcucci pulled a clever and desperate maneuver. He fell to his back and swung his left leg over Ferguson as he came down, then pulled up on top and had the takedown himself. This wed the team score at 9-9, and Tom Peckham's win in the 177-pound match put Iowa State ahead.

Enter the heavyweights: 220-pound Steve Shippes of the Cyclones and 235-pound John Illengwarth, Lehigh fans had cause to be hopeful. A fine clutch wrestler, Illengwarth had come through with a takedown in the final 25 seconds a week earlier at Penn State to give his team a 17-11 win. Should he decise Shippes now, Lehigh would gain a satisfying 12-12 tie; a pin would mean victory, and no doubt mass delirium.

But such dreams are to remain just that, this year anyway. Shippes got a quick escape in the second period and rode Illengwarth for most of the match. Illengwarth escaped with 40 seconds left in the bout but again was unable to get a takedown. Shippes, with one point for riding time, was a 2-1 victor and the Cyclones won 15-9.

Oddly, several Iowa State wrestlers felt that the howling Grace Hall crowd had helped rather than hurt them. "When you hear that yelling, it makes your blood rush," said one. "They know wrestling and they get you keyed up."

And what of Barnabas Meriwether? If he was disappointed, he was not crushed. He had won his game, though he would not tell how. "After all," said Meriwether, "I may have to go into another Lehigh meet."

END

There are two sides to every tee

Golf is a game in which you must seize every advantage you can get. By paying attention to a lot of seemingly inconsequential things you may make a very consequential difference in your score. Consider the simple matter of where you should place the ball on the tee. It may appear unimportant, but it isn't. The first thing to find, of course, is a good flat spot. On a reasonably well-kept course the tee will be uniformly flat, so you have a choice as to which side of the tee to use. The decision is an easy one, but few golfers know how to make it. If there is trouble on the left side of the fairway you should hit from the left side of the tee. This enables you to aim toward the right side of the fairway and away from the trouble. If there are hazards on the right, tee up on the right. When there is a crosswind, it, too, becomes a factor. When the wind is left to right, tee up on the left side and try to fade the ball slightly with the wind, thus getting as much yardage as possible out of your shot. If the wind is right to left, use the right side of the tee and attempt to pull the shot a little, again giving the wind a maximum chance to carry the ball while still keeping it on the fairway.

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If trees and traps line the left side of the fairway, hit the ball from the left of the tee while aiming the shot away from the trouble.

FRANCIS GORDEN



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BIG BLUFF (Continued from page 19)

much improved offensively and Oscar Robertson has somehow managed to become even better—making the Royals the league's second best team. But Boston is easily the very best.

The power of these two teams was never more evident than in the All-Star game, in which the East won a 124-123 victory. The score is entirely misleading. Using Coach Red Auerbach's Boston offense—which Lucas and Robertson played with many of the Celtics on a State Department tour last spring—the East dominated the game until Baltimore's Gus Johnson led a late rally. Lucas deservedly received the MVP, and if there is anything new to be learned from the game it is that these two young forwards, Lucas and Johnson, may be almost ready to replace two old forwards, Elgin Baylor and Bob Pettit, as the league's best at their position.

In St. Louis, Lucas hit on his first four shots, had missed on only three of nine at the half, and the East was ahead 75-61. Against the West's much taller front line, he had 10 rebounds. After a college career of shooting only when absolutely necessary with a supporting cast of good marksmen, he is finally adjusting to the offensive requirements of pro ball and to playing in a corner much of the time instead of with his back to the basket. Credit for his improvement must go to Robertson's floor generalship as well as to Lucas' own efforts.

A year of growth

The two-day show that St. Louis Owner Ben Kerner put on was a fitting display for a sport that shows attendance increases in most of its cities and whose franchisees now command seven-figure fees (Baltimore was sold for \$1.1 million last month). Even without the bundle of TV money that NBA owners dream will one day be theirs, to match that of pro football, business is good. The quality of play is superb, and young pros like Willis Reed and Lucius Jackson will be getting better. So will that new center in San Francisco, Nate Thurmond, who already has gotten a pay raise to go with his new job. After all these certainties, there remains the question of how Wilt will do back in familiar Philadelphia. He still has immense pride in his abilities, and Schayes says he will even test Chamberlain how to shoot fouls. Maybe. In any event, this ought to be the last time for the bluff.

END

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American corporations, imbued with the happy thought that employees who play together stay together, are providing workers with everything from checker contests to country clubs and are making industrial recreation a billion-dollar business

BY BIL GILBERT



SIS-BOOM-BAH!
FOR AMALGAMATED SPONGE

CONTINUED

If you work for the Ford Motor Company in Detroit you can join a yacht club or a slingshot team. Employees of Texas Instruments have a 30-acre rod-and-gun club and 60 acres of lakefront for boating and fishing. North American Aviation workers put on horseback-riding exhibitions. Tennessee Eastman's hiking club maintains 112 miles of the Appalachian Trail, and General Dynamics has an astronomy association. Flick-Reedy, a Bensenville, Ill., manufacturer of hydraulic and air cylinders, employs only 500 people, but all 500 are within a long cylinder length of a heated indoor swimming pool.

These phenomena do not prove that dire Marxist predictions are coming true and that capitalism is going soft in spirit or in the head. Rather, they signify that the so-called captains of American industry are among the world's strongest subscribers to the adage, "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy." (Also industrial tycoons suspect that work without play may make Jack a malingering, absentee, job-switching boy who will not love old Amalgamated Sponge Incorporated as much as Ampco Inc. feels it should be loved.)

This attitude has made American industry the world's greatest patron of fun and games. Currently, about \$1.5 billion a year is being spent on employee recreation. Some 125 golf courses are owned by industrial concerns, and industrial sponsors are probably the biggest users of bowling lanes, ping-pong tables and Chinese-checker boards in the universe. Industry buys more sport gear than all U.S. schools and colleges put together—at least, so say the representatives of sporting-goods manufacturers, who are very, very high on industrial recreation.

American corporations got into the business of recreation about a century ago, when the first big intra-industry baseball game was played by the teams of two New York insurance companies. (The Equitable Lifers nosed out the Metropolitans 42-18.) The idea caught on, and by 1913 more than half the companies studied in a Department of Labor survey had some sort of games for employees.

Between the two world wars industrial recreation had a tendency to go big time. This was the heyday of what industrial-recreation directors now refer to a little contemptuously as "varsity sports." Many companies, as a method of advertising their products as well as entertaining their employees, recruited top-flight athletes to play in what amounted to professional industrial leagues. In the '20s and '30s a tramp athlete could make a good thing out of industrial competition. Varsity industrial players were given cushy jobs (assistant timekeeper was a favorite sinecure), time off for practice and travel and, occasionally, room and board. The industrial leagues were fast ones. Baseball teams often had a pitcher or slugger just passing through on his way to or from the majors. Both the Chicago Bears (A. E. Slayle Manufacturing Company) and Green Bay Packers (Acme Packing Company) evolved from tough industrial football leagues.

There are still today some strong industrial basketball teams. Occasionally the sponsoring company is able to offer "job benefits" that lure a hot collegiate prospect away from the NBA, and some of the teams, notably the Good-year Wingfoots and the Phillips 66ers, have contributed players to the U.S. Olympic squad. Another curious sponsor of varsity sports has been the FBI, not exactly an industry but still an employer. For years an FBI baseball team composed of hotshot college players on summer vacation mopped up amateur opposition around Washington, D.C. While these summer G-men might have had trouble distinguishing Frankie Carbo from Bernard Baruch, they could steal a mean base.

With a few exceptions, however, varsity sports are now a negligible factor in industrial recreation. Television robbed big-time plant football and baseball teams of their spectators until the expense of maintaining teams as legitimate employee entertainment devices could no longer be justified. In addition, the large corporations that are now the chief supporters of industrial recreation have very little to gain from using varsity teams as an advertising medium. Presumably the old Acme Packers may have helped push some Acme knockwurst, but even with Bo Belinsky pitching for them an IBM baseball team could hardly be expected to sell a 1401 computer. Finally, personnel men, recreation directors and industrial psychologists came to the conclusion (long before it seems to have occurred to their counterparts in, say, universities) that a participant gets a lot more of value, or what industry regards as value, out of a game than a spectator does. Thus participation has become the end-all of industrial sports programs, while crowd appeal, athletic excellence and expertise are definitely of secondary interest to management.

Illustrative of this attitude is the evolution of recreation at Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in Burbank, Calif. At one time a major feature of the Lockheed program was the Lockheed Flyers, a good varsity-type basketball team made up principally of stars who had graduated from UCLA and USC. The Flyers were disbanded 15 years ago, to the apparent regret of no one except the players.

"It was not a hard decision to make," says Frank Davis, Lockheed's recreation manager and the current president of the National Industrial Recreation Association. "The Flyers did not attract crowds, and for what it cost to sponsor the team we can now run an entire employee basketball league. If our people want to see good basketball we can get them tickets to the Lakers' games, just as we can for golf tournaments, art shows, concerts, Disneyland and the like, at less than box-office prices."

None of the teams in the current Lockheed basketball league would give the old Flyers much of a game. Once in a while an ex-collegian or a graduate of an upper-bracket military ball club shows up, but for the most part the caliber of play is equivalent to that of a good church league. The only spectators are a handful of girl friends,

wives and children who cheer on their heroes and after the games join them for dinner at the neighborhood pizza parlor.

Everyone, particularly Davis, who represents management's view of recreation at Lockheed, seems satisfied with this state of affairs. "We would rather have 10 wives and 20 children watching a game than a thousand strangers," says Davis, who has something of the fatherly, homiletic manner of an Iowa (whence he came) high school principal. "Recreation is one of the means by which we try to build a Lockheed community, to establish ties that enable Lockheedians to work and live together more pleasurably."

This view, that the end of recreation is to create peace of mind rather than a bulging biceps or a scrapbook of press clippings, is common throughout industry, and Lockheed is a good example of how big business implements this philosophy. Lockheed, with some 75,000 employees, operates through several semiautonomous divisions. The oldest of these, Lockheed-California, has plants in and around Burbank. The recreation program there has more or less served as a model for those set up in newer Lockheed installations.

The organization of the Lockheed recreation program bears an overwhelming resemblance to that of a high school student council. The 22,000 employees of Lockheed-California are divided up into about 50 districts, from each of which is elected one representative to the council of the Lockheed Employee Recreation Club (LERC). This council, at least in a *de jure* sense, has final authority as to what kind of and how much recreation Lockheed will have. The elected LERC council approves the club's \$200,000-a-year budget, two-thirds of which is derived from the profits of vending machines scattered through the sprawling factories. The council maintains and adds to the club-owned recreational facilities, passes along recreation suggestions from the employees and occasionally arbitrates beefs. LERC, not Lockheed, also pays the salaries of Davis and his staff of six. Davis functions more as a faculty adviser to LERC than as an employee of it, however. Everyone realizes that Davis is the liaison man between the recreation club and the Lockheed management, without whose approval there would obviously be neither club nor recreation. The LERC council, Davis and his staff operate from a 17-room clubhouse which, if Lockheed is a community, certainly functions as the civic center. No overall participation figures are kept, but a good guess is that somewhere between 50% and 75% of the 22,000 Lockheedians get involved in at least some of the fun scheduled from the clubhouse.

The athletic portion of the LERC program might be called industrial traditional. Bowling, golf, softball, basketball and tennis are the "organized" sports played after working hours (there are about 120 bowling teams and seven golf leagues). Additionally, LERC picks up the tab for a lot of recreation equipment that is used informally at the plant during lunch hours and work breaks. There are

softball diamonds, lawn bowls and a putting green in the five-acre park in which the clubhouse stands. Volleyball, horseshoe and shuffleboard facilities are sprinkled liberally throughout the manufacturing area. During a year Davis and his staff distribute 11,000 decks of playing cards and a ton or so of checkers, chess and Scrabble sets. The recreation club has also set up 150 ping-pong tables in the various shops, and Lockheedians use them for about 400,000 games a year. (Ping-pong is the game among the play-at-work set. Folding tables can be put up in most production areas, and a surprising amount of boredom and tension can



be worked off while whaling away at a celluloid ball for 10 minutes.)

For doing well in these various table and field events, Lockheedians are awarded some 400 trophies a year. To an outsider this may seem like a considerable amount of fancy hardware, but it actually indicates that Lockheed, as compared to other industrial sponsors, has a fairly low-pressure approach to trophies. Industry as a whole is big, big on trophies, probably because, lacking crowds or publicity, these baubles are the only tangible sort of recognition an industrial sportsman can get. A more typically trophy-happy firm would be IBM, where imposing awards are given for virtually every known game. The annual Trophy Dinner was long a soiree dear to the hearts of the IBM hierarchy, and the tradition continues to this day. At Trophy Dinners in branch computer shops all over the world, tons of brilliantly plated loving cups are turned over

continued

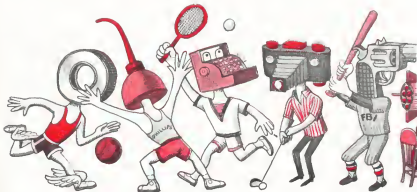
to sporting IBMers. A few years back, TV Sports Announcer Jim Simpson, fresh from covering the Melbourne Olympics, was the guest speaker at the Trophy Dinner of a Washington, D.C. IBM plant. Simpson watched and applauded politely as towering statues were handed out to winners in more or less hard sports like horseshoes and table tennis. But when a girl stepped up to claim a trophy emblematic of a second-place finish in the ladies' Chinese-checkers tournament, Simpson broke down. "My God," the shocked sportscaster gasped to his neighbor, "they only gave Herb Elliott a lousy gold medal."

In addition to being fairly subdued in the matter of trophies, Lockheed has made a relatively modest investment in large scale athletic facilities. Except for two softball diamonds at LERC clubhouse park, most of the games are played at municipally owned fields and gyms, facilities which, Lockheed management willingly points out, Lockheed taxes have helped pay for. This is small potatoes—not Lockheed taxes, but owning just two softball diamonds—in comparison to what some companies provide. IBM has full-scale country clubs, golf courses, softball diamonds, bowling alleys and tennis courts where IBMers fight it out for their trophies. Eastman Kodak has a multimillion-dollar recreation center in Rochester, N.Y., sort of a gigantic rumpus room that will accommodate 7,000 Kodakers at the same leisure time. Where public facilities are not available or are inadequate, corporations also are building their own parks. Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co. has turned over a 366-acre park to its 11,000 employees in the St. Paul area. Among many other things, this 3M glade has a golf course, boatbuilding shed, ski run, field-archery range, skating rink, bridle trails, tenting areas and park rangers—the whole bull of leisure wax.

While Lockheed's athletic program probably rates no better than average when compared to those of similarly affluent and populous corporations, its club system—a complex of hobbyists, do-it-yourselfers and arts-and-crafters—is the pride and joy of Frank Davis and the LERC council. "Clubs, more than sports, draw the whole family into the Lockheed community," says Davis. "In the clubs mother and the children get to know Lockheed." Some 30 of these clubs with specialties ranging from scuba diving to Bible studies, boast a membership of 2,000 Lockheedeans and their families. Special facilities and equipment are provided as the clubs need them. Five tons of ice are hauled in each fall for ski classes. The model railroaders are allotted a 20-by-30 room in the clubhouse where they have set up and are forever playing with toy railroad systems. The photo club has a professionally equipped darkroom, the rifle club an indoor range, the pilots a Link Trainer, the ham operators a radio station and the rock hounds a shop where they can saw and polish.

Throughout industry, the annual plant picnic and the annual Christmas party are the gala social productions of the recreation department. These particularly American occasions resemble political rallies planned by a Boy Scout leader. Thin-lipped personnel men laugh heartily as they splash around in the mustard with union stewards; paunchy executives play two innings of slow-pitch softball and then rush off to recuperate at their country clubs; the president kisses babies belonging to graveyard-shift workers and delivers a speech prepared by the PR boys about the glorious future awaiting those who continue to love grand old Amalgamated Sponge.

While the Lockheed Employee Recreation Club tries hard to retain these touches of Americana, the sheer quantity of Lockheedeans alters the quality of the folksy image to the



point where these industrial social events would touch a sardonic chord in an Aldous Huxley or Evelyn Waugh. The Lockheed Christmas party, for example, is held in the Burbank Civic Auditorium, and in the course of the day 11,000 toys are handed over to little Lockheedians. At one time all presents were doled out by Santa. But even with Santas working in relay teams, the line of waiting children sometimes stretched for two blocks. A few years back the traffic problem was solved by a recreational efficiency expert. Now there are signs directing Lockheed dependents to one of two lines—the traditional Santa queue or a fast, sans-Santa one.

"It was good thinking," explains Mike Varanese, the Lockheed recreation director (a director is less than manager in industrialese, Varanese is Davis' assistant). "You take some wise kid, 8 or 9 years old. He don't believe in Santa anymore. Those little bairns the mothers are carrying, they don't believe in anything yet. There's no percentage in running those kmds past Santa. It's wasted on them."

Ever since Sigmund Freud began to stew about what Oedipus did to Laius, paternalism has been a dirty word. Large corporations are particularly sensitive on this score, since social critics have so often leveled the charge at them. Lockheed is no exception, and Lockheed officials react sharply to any implication that the company plays Big Daddy to the recreation program. "This is definitely not a paternalistic company," asserts Mark Clevenger, the editor of the plant house organ. "We just don't like unnecessary friction." "The employees run their own recreation program," chips in Carroll Pettefer, Lockheed labor relations manager. "If you have recess and then tell people what they can do when school's out, it isn't recess, just more school."

In general, the Lockheed defense stands up. There is no pressure—as there still is in some companies—for Lock-

heedians to play, win trophies, attend uplifting functions and be everlastingly grateful for the opportunity to do so. Nevertheless, when grown men, like those of the recreation staff, spend their days giving out toys, arranging games and helping with hobbies, the family analogy comes strongly to mind—the utopian, gargantuan family of a rich widower, where all is sweetness-and-light fellowship. Frank Davis is the wise, genial father, sometimes involved with the larger world of Lockheed management and the National Industrial Recreation Association but whose heart is always in the job of keeping the Lockheed family happy and aroused. Nor is there the slightest indication that employees anywhere are resentful of all this. If the corporation wants them to be a big happy family, working together and playing together, then a big happy family they are jolly well willing to be.

"Look at this," says Davis, displaying a cable from 14 Lockheedians working on special assignment in Bonn, Germany. The group wanted help in staging a Christmas party for their 23 children. "It's not the \$50 we send them—not one of those people earns less than \$10,000 a year. They just want to be remembered, to be part of the Lockheed community. It's impressive, isn't it?"

If Davis plays father to 22,000 Lockheedians, two other LERC staffers can easily be cast in the roles of clever, infinitely patient older brothers. Tom Forrester, who runs the athletic program, has all the bats, balls, rackets, rule books and schedules any family could want. Kenty Prince, the club man, can do anything for the Lockheed bobbyists from prescribing a tonic for the aquarium club's sick swordtails to finding a boat mold for the sport fishermen.

The fourth regular member of the LERC staff, Varanese, is a man apparently born to be a recreation director and one for whom the job would have had to be invented if it

continued



did not exist. A big, Waller Beary-faced fellow, Varanese grew up in Cleveland's tough Little Italy section. He looks and occasionally talks as if he might be a Cosa Nostra enforcer, but what he is at Lockheed is everyone's favorite uncle. Technically, Varanese's job is special events (getting a planetload of vacationing Lockheedians off for Europe each spring) and general troubleshooting (persuading two ex-colleagues not to play on the same team, which would upset the delicate balance of power in the employee basketball league), but his real vocation is remembering the first name of what seems to be every Lockheedian, greenkeeper, bowling-alley operator and sports promoter between San Jose and La Jolla. Varanese is very much his own pungent man, but he speaks for a Dutch-uncle school of psychology which is part of the creed of the industrial recreation man. Illustrative Big Mikisms include:

"Everybody who wants to play gets to play, that's my motto. Like bowling, sometimes we get some little guy signed up that nobody wants on a team. He carries maybe a 125. He's a griper, an oddball. But I say it is not our job to judge. Our job is to get that oddball on a bowling team, and we do. We can always talk somebody into taking him, at least for one season."

"Free tickets? I sure can use them, but not for me. If Mike Varanese wants to go to Disneyland, he pays his way. But send them up here. We'll pass them out."

"We get some hotheads every now and then. Everybody gets their problems sometimes. I always tell them, 'You come in and talk to me and I promise you one thing.' They say, 'What?' sort of suspicious, and I say, 'You won't go away mad.'"

"All these wise guys have theories about how you get along with women. There is no big secret. Treat every gal, no matter what she is, like she is the world's greatest lady. They like that."

"This job is a lot PR. I mean it is people, true? I wouldn't get to first base except all over this shop there's plenty who think that Mike Varanese is a right guy."

Taken cold, it sounds corny, a little self-conscious, as if Varanese had spent too much time with paperback how-to-win-friends manuals, but it proves to be no less than the truth. Moving around Lockheed from the Union Hall to the hush of Mahogany Row with Varanese is like making progress through a Democratic Convention with Jim Farley. The Lockheedians cluster about and invariably let it be known that Big Mike Varanese is just what he claims to be—one right guy.

What it costs and who pays for right guys like Varanese to circulate through factories passing out ping-pong balls and complimentary tickets is not considered to be a polite question in the euphoric Many Man's Family of industrial recreation. Executives who are not shy about announcing corporate contributions to charity, education and community service drives tend to speak softly or not at all about the cost of employee recreation.

"Stockholders," says one management man in off-the-

record tones, "are inclined to get restive when they see half a million or so being spent on what seems to them to be mostly horseshoes and howling."

Employees, on occasion, can also be critical of ostentatious recreation expenditures. "Some companies have tried to equate a big picnic with a 10¢-an-hour raise," says Tom McNett, two-term president of the International Association of Machinists, Local 727, whose 15,000 members make it Lockheed's biggest union. "And there have been cases where a softball league or something would be scheduled on top of a union meeting. But none of this holds true for Lockheed," the union boss adds emphatically. "The union is not 100% behind LERC recreation, it's 1,000%." McNett's actions bear out his rhetoric. He himself is a veteran Santa Claus at LERC's Christmas festivities.

Another consequential group that recently looked somewhat askance at industrial recreation was the United States Congress. In July 1964 a House Armed Services subcommittee heard witnesses regarding the practice of industrial firms, working on cost-plus contracts, to charge off recreation and entertainment expenses to the Government. Such charges are permitted if they are "reasonable" and considered necessary for employee morale. However, the burden of the testimony of U.S. Comptroller General Joseph Campbell before the subcommittee was that there was no reasonable justification for some of the charges. Included among bills that the Government had been asked to pay, said Campbell, were those for a \$12,000 crab feast given by Martin Co. of Denver for its employees and a \$35,000 "outing" of Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc. of Dallas. A "substantial amount" of a \$197,000 IBM expenditure helped defray the operation of three country clubs, testified Campbell, and Aerojet-General Corp. put the bite on Uncle Sugar for \$101,000 to take its employees and their families to Disneyland (Aerojet, after a flurry of publicity, withdrew the claim for payment). Campbell also raised a disapproving eyebrow at the supposedly nonprofit, employee-run welfare and recreation organization of North American Aviation, Inc. The group got \$1.3 million from vending machine profits in 1962 but spent only \$546,000 and had on hand assets of \$750,000 in cash and Government securities plus property valued at more than \$3 million, said Campbell.

As Congressman Porter Hardy Jr., a Virginia Democrat heading the subcommittee, commented succinctly at one germane point: "It seems to me the whole thing is a little bit cockeyed."

Because of all the delicate financial, legal and public-relations issues that can arise, only about 10% of the companies in the National Industrial Recreation Association finance their programs directly through regular budget allotments. By far the most popular method is that used by Lockheed, whereby profits from vending machines in the plant are used for recreation. "The machines are only there for the convenience of employees," says Pettefer, the Lockheed labor relations man. "We're in the aerospace business. We're not trying to make money off peanut-butter crackers and

continued

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This future planning actually puts more natural resources back into the soil than have been taken out.

East Texas Pulp and Paper has grown faster than its seedlings. For the fifth year in a row, it has increased profits and production. And in late 1963, it began operation of a new paperboard mill that zooms production by 50%.

Curiously, none of the paper now produced goes into Time Incorporated magazines. Virtually all of it goes into industrial uses. And a great deal of pulp is sold to other paper makers.

East Texas Pulp and Paper Co. is an example of Time Incorporated's planned expansion into new spheres of world business.

TIME / LIFE

soda pop. Employee recreation is a logical place to put money the employees have put into vending machines."

Also like Lockheed, for legal as well as psychological reasons many companies have set up employee clubs, associations, or councils as nonprofit corporations with at least theoretical authority to disburse the recreation funds. Few companies, however, go to such lengths as Lockheed does in insisting on the parliamentary freedom of the employee organization. In many other firms management representatives openly sit on the governing boards, where everyone is equal but some are more equal than others. At Lockheed all employees are automatically members of the recreation club, but at most other firms employees pay a token fee, a dollar or so a year, to join the recreation group. This fee supplements the budget allotment or vending-machine take and also seems to serve a psychological purpose.

"If you pay for something, be it recreation or anything else, you're more apt to use it," says Don Neer, the executive director of the National Industrial Recreation Association. "The money is peanuts compared to what a big company spends, but we recommend that dues be collected."

Participation, vending machines and congressional committees aside, the \$64 question, or more accurately the \$1.5 billion question, is: Why do corporations shell out hard money so that employees can play games? Does it pay off for industry itself? Neer's NIRA, which is essentially a union of industrial recreation workers, has an obvious stake in answering in the affirmative. The NIRA line is that the present outlay is money well spent, that in the future industry should spend more for fun—and as a byproduct hire more recreation directors.

To justify these beliefs the NIRA has sponsored various psychoanalytical surveys aimed at isolating the cosmic truths (cosmic enough, that is, to satisfy stockholders) of industrial recreation. One of the most ambitious of these research projects was conducted by the Industrial Relations Center of the University of Minnesota. Much of the lengthy report, entitled *Does Industrial Recreation Pay?*

was devoted to the kind of thing dear to the hearts of all inquiring sociologists, i.e., burial of the obvious under mounds of statistics. By way of example, in this survey a formidable mathematical chart was said to prove that "as the distance between employees' homes and the plant increases, participation decreases."

When it came to what might be considered the gut issues—does recreation cut down absenteeism, accidents, complaints?—the survey was less outspoken. It leaned heavily on the "yes, but perhaps no, and then on the other hand" approach. What it boiled down to was that while an employee who plays softball may be less likely to be absent or malingering, it is impossible to be sure of it without additional surveys.

One truth that is self-evident is that if corporate executives, union officers and employee clubs had wanted to get a statistical O.K. from the social scientists, there would be precious little ping-pong played in industry today. Practically, because of what they spend, and rhetorically, according to testimonials that appear regularly in *Recreation Management*, the journal of the NIRA, managements have clearly bought the idea that industrial recreation is good and is bound to get gooder. As examples:

- "If, through industrial recreation programs, we can attract our people's minds and their hands to interests outside their particular vocations, then we'll have made a valuable contribution to their lives."—Murray D. Lincoln, President, Nationwide Insurance Companies.
- "Recreation obviously promotes physical and mental health by providing a change of pace from routine jobs, noise, tension and fatigue."—Robert G. Dunlop, Director and President, Sun Oil.
- "Planned industrial recreation is beyond doubt a potent contribution to plant morale and is reflected in more and better production."—John B. Clark, Director of Industrial Relations, Northrop Corporation.

All of these pieties have a similar ring, as well they should, for they all reflect a centuries-old Anglo-Saxon article of faith: a man who plays games is a right guy.

Throughout industry the current style is to support and defend industrial recreation for what might be called the spiritual and mental health value of the thing. However, Don Neer, as resident metaphysician of the NIRA, believes this may change. "I look for more emphasis on physical fitness, particularly at the executive level," predicts Neer. He cites such firms as General Dynamics Fort Worth, Gates Rubber Co. of Denver and Allen-Bradley Co. of Milwaukee, all of which have built gymnasiums, calisthenic areas and weight-lifting rooms as well as expanded their fitness programs. Just to keep things in perspective, there is the Lockheed experience. Last year employees were encouraged regarding their interest in a physical fitness program. Six out of 22,000 were interested.)

"It could well be in five years that some sort of daily physical workout will be as much a part of executive life as the business luncheon," continues Neer. "Let's face it, executives who suffer from obesity, excessive fatigue and tension are potential coronaries because of lack of physical conditioning. They are as much a concern to their corporation as if they were alcoholics."

Neer also believes that there may be a swing toward more and better athletic competition between plants. "Not necessarily varsity sports as in the old days, but something like the nonscholarship competition that some colleges are turning to now. Maybe we have gone a little too low-pressure. You can't expect to divorce sports from competition. Interplant leagues are a natural, and they stimulate participation."

As an example of what he believes may be the look of the future in industrial athletics, Neer mentions industrial recreation leagues in Milwaukee that are supported by 96 companies and are offering interindustry competition in 16 sports. The NIRA itself is now sponsoring national tournaments for golfers, archers and bowlers as well as competition in such nonathletic pastimes as bridge, hunting and fishing. One of the goals of the organization is to promote an "Industrial Olympics."

The Olympics, industrial and other-

wise, are much on the NIRA's collective mind at the moment. Prior to the 1964 Games in Tokyo a small grant was made to study how industrial facilities could be used to develop athletes of international competitive caliber. "Except for a few basketball players, there have been too few good industrial athletes, when you consider that industry sponsors the nation's biggest recreation program," analyzes Neer. "Some events, such as canoeing, volleyball, gymnastics and weight lifting, are not popular in colleges but are ideal for industry. We have facilities for employees and for junior development programs. With proper organization, industrial sports programs could produce competitors who would strengthen the United States in many sports."

"Everybody is big on international competition now," says Neer, who envisions a time when corporations may turn out kayakers as well as computers. "The PR pitch won't be to sell products, like it was in the old days. It will be a sort of community-service gesture—the image. If there is interest in getting a gold medal in kayaking, then the company that helps one of our paddlers is going to look good."

It may be, as Don Neer predicts, that some day a brawny key-punch operator who has practiced long hours in a corporate-owned kayak on a corporate-built lake may go out and beat a Russian for old Amalgamated Sponge. Even if this should come to pass, however, the chances are that his gold medal still will be dwarfed, not only in size but, as far as industry is concerned, in symbolic importance, by a cup now owned by Trudy Tucker, a middle-aged member of the Lockheed Employee Recreation Club. The highlight of Mrs. Tucker's competitive career came when she was awarded a trophy for the biggest smallmouth bass caught by a Lockheedian that season. "I'm not really the athletic type," disclaims Mrs. Tucker. "Getting a trophy—that is the most."

"That is what industrial recreation is all about," explains Frank Davis, Lockheed's man behind 400 trophies. "It makes people happy. We get along better that way."

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—**BOSTON**, which hasn't lost in 14 straight games, won two more, and hit 10 homers in 14 in its season record to 79-7. **CINCINNATI** defeated the **Lakers** 124-106 but lost to the **Cubs** for the sixth time to fall eight games out of first place in the East. **PHILADELPHIA** not only had to lose two games without Paul Scharrett and Connie Mack, who went west in the trade for Wade Chandler, but also without Christopher, who took a week's leave of absence before reporting. They dropped both of their 130-128 to the **Bulls** and 104-95 to the **Celtics**. An earlier loss to the **Hawks** gave the Stars a modest three-game losing streak. **NEWYORK**, however, was delighted with the big win. The **Kwiks** beat the **Suffies** 100-80, won two games in a row, once while Wilt watched from the bench. **ST. LOUIS**, with victories over the **Wens**, **Bulls** and the **Lakers**, moved into a tie for first place in the West with **LOS ANGELES**, which dropped three out of four. The **Lakers** had to play their last two games—both losses—without high-scoring Jerry West, who broke his knee. **SALT LAKE CITY** won two games and dropped to behind three games of the lead. **DETROIT** beat the **Lakers** 128-117 on Ray Scott's 10-foot jump that hit the second rim to go, but lost their next game to **L.A.** 108-100. With or without Wilt, **SAN FRANCISCO** continued to lose and get out of the playoffs. **MINNESOTA** after a defeat by the **Kwiks**, 90-77 and 102-89.

The **Bronx's Oscar Robertson** and Jerry Lucas combined for 53 points in leading the **EAST** to a 124-123 victory over the **West** at the NBA's All-Star Game in St. Louis (page 18). It was the East's 99th win in 113 years.

HOCKEY—**BOSTON'S** 1964 Olympic gold medalist **ROBIN DENON** and **TONY NASH** won the Soviet governmental to men's hockey championship at St. Moritz in an aggregate score of 2-40 for their two teams.

BOXING—**HENRY COOPER**, the British Empire heavyweight champion, scored a TKO over Dick Swycott of Buffalo in the 10th round of a scheduled 15-rounder at Albert Hall, London.

FOOTBALL—Keith Lincoln of San Diego caught a 75-yard touchdown pass from Ken Danvers of Kansas City and scored again on an 88-yard run to lead the AFL's **WIKSTENS** 41-24 over the **FLYERS** to a 36-14 victory over the **Eam** in Houston.

GOLF—For the third time in five years the San Diego Open ended in a tie requiring a sudden-death playoff. **WEN LIES JR.**, of West Caldwell, N.J., beat the 176 and 178 holes with 15 and 40 feet putt up to Billy Cooper, the apparent winner with a 72-hole score of 267. Then, after Cooper tapped her ball in for a putt at the first hole of the playoff, Lies tied it again—her mark an eighth-hole putt for last third straight birdie.

HOCKEY—**CHICAGO** held a two-point lead over the **Canadiens** for just two games before **MONTREAL**, with a 2-0 win, tied for first and then moved two points ahead. The **Canadiens** had lost their third game in a row, 2-1 to the **Maple Leafs**, when 15-year-old Gump Worsley was recalled from Quebec in midweek. With Worsley in the nets, Montreal defeated the **Bruins** 2-0 and the **Black Hawks** 4-2 to regain first place. Chicago faltered again, lost two and tied 6-6 with the **Maple Leafs** 100-70. To add to its string of seven games without a win, it was again by the **Red Wings**, 4-2, when Norm Kilman scored two goals and added an own goal. But the **Maple Leafs** won their third game and tied one in three with one point of record. **DETROIT** split two, while **NEW YORK** took two straight after a loss, and suddenly the **Rangers**, were only six points behind the **Red Wings**. **BOSTON** scored its first goal in 10 games, but a 5-2 loss to the **Rangers** in the **Brunet** first hat trick of the season and their third straight victory on home ice. But two losses in a row followed, and everything was normal in Boston again.

HORSE RACING—George Pege's 4-year-old **HILL RINE** 158-40s under Don Pate, won the \$61,550 San Fernando Stakes in Santa Anita by two lengths. Roman brother came in fourth in the field of 12, a dream 11 lengths behind.

Helen's Royal Promenade Handicap was won by **CHARL KING** 160-40s. Blaise to Berta up, by one and a quarter lengths.

WATER SPORTS—**DAN GURNEY** of Costa Mesa, Calif., driving a 1945 Ford, won third annual 500-mile, \$65,000 Motor Trend road race for late-model stock cars at Riverside, Calif., for the third time. He finished the 187-lap race in 2:41:42 for an average of 130.6 mph.

BASEBALL—Austria's **GERHARD NENNING** won the Arthur-Kardorff trophy, the annual world's championship title, in a St. Anton, Austria by taking a first in the slalom and a second in the downhill for the year in the combined standings. The downhill winner was **Norwegian**, **KARL SCHIRAZ**, while Hans Mannst, also of Austria, was third. The women's trophy went to **MARIELE GÖTT** of St. Moritz, France for the second year in a row after she finished second in the ladies' downhill to **ANNIE FARMER** of France and second in the slalom to **RIEDSCHWID-BEHL** of Germany. Mrs. Schmid-Behl was runner-up in the combined standings, and Austria's Christl Haid.

TENNIS—**JOHN NEWCOMBE**, a young Australian Davis Cup player, defeated Owen Davidson, also of Australia, in the final of the Transamerica Tennis Championships in Houston 6-4, 5-7, 6-3, 6-1. Australia's No. 1 and No. 2 singles players, Roy Emerson

and Fred Stolle, were eliminated in early rounds but seemed to win the doubles 8-4, 9-7.

TRACK & FIELD—The eastern indoor track season opened in Boston with the Massachusetts Knights of Columbus. Lillian Hall was victorious in the 400-meter to a disappointing 6:04. It also prevented the appearance of Olympic Mely Mills in the mile, which was by **JOHN L. V. H.** Heston, who won in 4:06, the fastest time of his career. **RAY TUCKER**, 17, of Haverhill, Ont., who is the Canadian junior champion at 1,000 yards, won that event in 2:12, and his teammate **BILL CROTHIER** equaled her own record (1:10) in the 600. **RALPH BOSTON**, with two events by a foot—the broad jump with a 20-foot 10-inch leap and the 40-yard high hurdles in 5:8 seconds. **MEL PENDER** of the Army held off his teammate Paul Devries in the 40 with a time of 34.4, while **PAMELA KILBORN** of Australia broke the 50-yard dash record of the world's best in San Francisco, with a 6.0 clocking.

RON CLARKE of Australia, who finished ninth in the 500-meter race, set a new world record at that distance in an 11-minute 40-second race in Houston, Texas. His time of 11:34 broke Vladimir Kuts's 11-minute 40-second mark by a second.

WRESTLING—**HIRED TOMMY PROTHRO** as head football coach at UCLA after completing a 6-3-12 record in 10 seasons at Oregon State.

PURCHASED For more than \$7 million by the National Broadcasting Co., television rights to American Football League championship and AFL-Soviet games for the next five years. NBC earlier paid \$16 million to televise the AFL's regular-season schedule.

RETIRED After one year with the New York Giants and two with the Los Angeles Rams, **ANDY RUSTELL**, 38, an All-Pro defensive end on eight championship teams, (two with the Rams, six with the Giants), to attend his business interests.

TRADED San Francisco's **WILT CHAMBERLAIN**, the highest-scoring, highest-paid player in the NBA, to the Philadelphia 76ers for three players and less than \$50,000.

DIED **WALLY PIPP**, 66, the American League home run champion in 1916 (44), 121 and 167 hits, after a long illness, in Grand Rapids. Pipp was the New York Yankees' regular first baseman for 15½ years, played in three World Series and had a lifetime .381 average, but he lost his career to a bad knee. He was born in the town of Long Grove, Ill. He was unable to play on June 1, 1925, and getting a stroke, took over for the day. Pipp never played again for the Yankees, while Gehrig started in first base for the next 2,138 games. At the end of the season Pipp was traded to the Reds, and in 1928 he retired from baseball.

CREDITS

4 Nelson Bunker 14-Tony Doyle 22-Paul Jones
15-Bob Feller 23-Johnny Sain 24-Don Larsen
25-Don Liddle 26-Carl Gardner 27-Edgar
The Great and White 28-Johnny Sain 29-Way
men Singer 29-Dave Pate 30-Dan Frit

FACES IN THE CROWD



JEAN STEWART, 8, freshman math major at Worcester Mass. Polytechnic Institute, won the Portland, Maine, city chess championship, upsetting 81-year-old Harold Daly, who had held the title for three years. Collins was runner-up to Daly in last year's tournament.



WILLIAM SCHMITT, for 15 years the wrestling coach at Granite City (Ill.) High, led his team to 133 straight dual meet wins against Southwestern Illinois and St. Louis-area teams, a streak begun in 1956 and ended by Melville High, the Missouri champs.



MARGARET BIESNER of Bakerfield, Calif. celebrated her 14th birthday alone at the controls of a 1950 Buick at the Tebechapt, Calif., thus became the youngest girl ever to solo. A high school freshman with an interest in medicine, she began gliding instruction two years ago.





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Photo contributed by Daniel J. Ranshoff

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One gift works many wonders/Give the United Way

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

With most teams settled down to battling for conference championships, some semblance of form finally was visible in major-college basketball. Davidson, for one, threatened to turn the Southern Conference race into a runaway. Michigan was leading in the Big Ten, and Wichita State in the Missouri Valley. UCLA's powerful game was overwhelming the AAWU, and San Francisco had a piece of the lead in the West Coast AC. But there were surprises too: North Carolina State was tied with Duke in the Atlantic Coast, Auburn led the Southeastern, and Oklahoma State was first in the Big Eight. Even more startling, SMU shared the lead with Texas Tech in the Southwest Conference.

**THE TOP THREE: 1. PROVIDENCE (10-2)
2. ST. JOHN'S (10-2) 3. ST. JOSEPH'S (10-1)**

While unbeaten Providence took time off for midyear exams, its most persistent rivals in the East were busy adding to their already impressive records. ST. JOHN'S, determined to make Coach Joe Lapchick's last year a memorable one, demonstrated its resourcefulness against Crichton and Seton Hall. When Crichton's 1-3-1 zone defense threatened to stop the Redmen, they forced the ball in to 6-foot-6 Bob McIntyre in a corner, and he blithely shot over the zone for 26 points. St. John's won 72-66. Five nights later the Redmen, helped along by Ken McIntyre's 26 points, dropped in 24 of 29 free throws and beat Seton Hall 76-69 for their seventh straight and Coach Lapchick's 325th victory.

ST. JOSEPH'S, beaten only by Providence, fattened up meanwhile on easy foes. The bustling Hawks, with Cliff Anderson shooting in 29 points and Billy Oakes 24, smashed Seton Hall 115-81 for a team and Paley record and then routed Lafayette 82-68.

Philadelphia's fratricidal Big Five continued its intricately warfare. Almost nobody gave Coach Harry Litwack's erratic Temple team a chance against Villanova, especially when the Owls were down by 13 points in the first half. Then Temple's Billy Kelley, a slick little backcourtier, found his touch. He tossed in jumpers, drove through the Wildcats for layups and calmly sank foul shots. Kelly scored 18 points, and the Owls upset Villanova 73-59.

LA SALLE, a somewhat less distinguished member of the Philadelphia order, had no difficulty beating Duquesne 83-69 but ran into trouble away from home. SYRACUSE, slowly recovering from a disastrous start, thwarted the Explorers with a tidy 2-3 zone and whacked them 104-81 as Dave Bing scored 33 points.

GEORGETOWN, another slow starter, was beginning to look as good as Coach Tommy O'Keefe thought it would. With Owen Gillen and Jim Brown back in good graces, Jim Barry's operated knee behaving and big Frank Hollenderson playing like a 6-foot-11 should, the Hoyas beat George Washington 81-73 and Fordham 69-67 in overtime for

their seventh in a row. ST. BONAVENTURE held off rallying Niagara to win 71-66, while ARMY hammered Pitt 88-63. The baskets fairly smoked when BOSTON COLLEGE and Rhode Island got together at Kingston. The Rams shot 64%, and Coach Bob Cooney's BC gunners fired away at a mere 60% clip but won the defenseless game anyway, 107-105.

PRINCETON's Bill Bradley had a magnificent weekend, even for him, but all it earned the Tigers was a tie for second in the Ivy League. Bradley threw in 41 points (to become the first Ivy Leaguer to score more than 2,000) as Princeton beat Columbia 78-68. The next night Bradley got 40 more against CORNELL, but the Big Red, which had already beaten Penn 76-65, won the game 70-69—and the Ivy lead—on Blaine Astor's shot with three seconds to go.

THE SOUTH

**THE TOP THREE: 1. DAVIDSON (14-1)
2. VANDERBILT (12-2) 3. DUKE (10-2)**

There was a time when Southern Conference coaches used to sympathize with each other about their troubles with West Virginia. Now it is DAVIDSON that has them all in a dither.



KNEE-BUDDING DEFENSE by Georgia's Jerry Walker fastidiously deter Vanderbilt's Clyde Lee, who drives around him for a basket.

The strong Wildcats took dead aim on two challengers last week and whipped them handily. First The Citadel succumbed 100-81, as Fred Hetzel scored 26 points and Dick Snyder 24. Then West Virginia had a go at the league leaders in Charleston. The Mountaineers bothered them for a while with a blissing press, but Hetzel got away for 25 points, Barry Teague scored 19, and West Virginia lost 86-77. After that, just for kicks, Davidson polished off little Presbyterian 130-67 for its 13th straight. "You could put a lid on the basket, and they'd bomb it off," said Richmond Coach Lew Mills ruefully. "You can't outscore them, and when you try to contain them you find they're containing you."

The defeat by Davidson was merely the beginning of a week of ignominy for West Virginia. PENN STATE, which had not beaten the Mountaineers at Morgantown in 10 years, caught them this time 80-79.

VANDERBILT, the preseason favorite, was discovering that the Southeastern Conference race was not all fun and games. The Commodores, who beat Georgia 75-62 with big Clyde Lee (*heles*) popping in 29 points, had good reason to worry. ARKANSAS, playing its tough board game, raced past Mississippi 67-52 and Alabama 93-68. TENNESSEE Coach Ray Mears set his disciplined offense to picking and punching at a tight Kentucky zone, and Larry McIntosh and A. W. Davis got the Vols an early lead. The Wildcats rarely got through the Tennessee defense, and they were beaten 77-58. Mears, who remembered Adolph Rupp facetiously describing the defense that had wrecked the Vols a year ago as "a stratified hyperbolic paraboloïd," had an explanation ready for The Broom: "Our defense has a name, too," he said. "We call it an anacostic defense with disharmonious tendencies."

All of a sudden everybody—especially Duke—was taking NORTH CAROLINA STATE seriously in the Atlantic Coast Conference. The Wolfpack clawed from behind in the second half to beat North Carolina 65-52, then cooled off hot Maryland 73-67 for its ninth straight since Press Maravich took over for ailing Coach Everett Case. DUKE, however, kept pace with State, routing Clemson 106-81 and Wake Forest 105-77.

MIAMI's Rick Barry, the nation's leading scorer, rattled in 54 points as the Hurricanes blew over Florida Southern 124-93 and added 41 more in a 119-99 rout of Jacksonville. "I hear the crowd," said Barry matter-of-factly. "I know they expect me to shoot when I get the ball, so I shoot."

THE MIDWEST

**THE TOP THREE: 1. ILLINOIS (10-2)
2. WICHITA STATE (10-2) 3. INDIANA (10-0)**

Before WICHITA STATE and St. Louis met in Wichita for the Missouri Valley lead the air was thick with defensive strategy plots. Wichita's Gary Thompson put his Shockers into a strict pressure game, shifting from

(continued)

full-court zone press to full-court man-to-man in the first half and then back to the smothering zone press in the second half. St. Louis' John Bennington, hoping to keep the ball away from Wichita's Dave Stallworth and Dave Leach, countered with a 3-2 zone, and when that failed, he went to his karate-type man-to-man. But the Shockers had the more resourceful shooters. Stallworth, who loses his eligibility in February, and Leach each scored 19 points, and Wichita took the game 75-64.

Wichita, however, will have to work to stay at the top. BRADLEY, showing unmistakable signs of throwing off its recent lethargy, overwhelmed Cincinnati 104-80—and at Cincy, too. Guard Alex McNutt quarterbacked the brilliant show while Eddie Jackson wrecked the Bearcat defense, once Coach Ed Jucker's pride and joy, and scored 27 points. "They blew us right off the court," moaned Jucker. "We took a good, sound drubbing."

MICHIGAN'S Dave Strack must wonder what a fellow has to do to appease his critics. Despite a 9-2 record and No. 2 ranking for his Wolverines in the AP poll, last week some Ann Arbor pranksters strung him up in effigy with a sign that read, "With all that talent, it must be the coach." Even Strack may have had his doubts when Northwestern led Michigan 31-27 with five minutes left in the first half. But he put the Wolverines into a zone press, Cazzie Russell (who scored 36 points) led them on a quick 12-point spree, and Michigan went on to win 90-68.

Still ahead for the Wolverines in the Big Ten race were INDIANA and another go with ILLINOIS. The Hoosiers, scampering merrily in and out of a variety of zones and getting solid shooting from Steve Kadenbaugh, John McGlocklin and the Van Arsdale twins, beat Iowa 85-76 and Ohio State 84-72. Illinois, despite a cold streak, managed to put down Minnesota 75-72.

COLORADO'S Son Wesley had what he called a "sweaty type zone" ready for Kansas when the Jayhawks came to Boulder. His Bulls covered Kansas players who probed the middle man-to-man, sandwiched 6-foot-11 Walt Wesley with two men and zoned everyone else. It worked beautifully. Wesley fouled out, 6-foot-7 Chuck Gardner poured in 21 points and Colorado upset Kansas 61-59. The Jayhawks fortunately recovered in time to whip Iowa State 72-60.

With that kind of help from Colorado, OKLAHOMA STATE moved into first place in the Big Eight after beating Iowa State 67-48 as Jim King scored 18 points and took down 14 rebounds. MISSOURI also muscled back into the race with an 80-68 victory over Kansas State at Columbia, its first over the Wildcats in 24 games.

MIAMI OF OHIO, a team that usually relies upon fancy shooting for its victories,

proved that it can play defense, too, when it bottled Ohio U. for first in the Mid-American Conference. The Redskins forced the defending champions into 22 errors and ran off with the game 58-48 on the controlled 16-point shooting of Jeff Gehring (below). Miami then went back to free-shooting for Bowling Green and whipped the Falcons 74-58.

DEPAUL, the best of the Midwest independents, parlayed a neat slowdown and Don Swanson's hot hand into a 63-59 win over Dayton. NOTRE DAME, an earlier 75-67 victim of ST. LOUIS, cranked up its run-and-shoot game and beat Butler 94-57.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OKLAHOMA CITY (10-4)
2. TEXAS A&M (9-4) 3. HOUSTON (10-4)

Southwest Conference fans were thoroughly confused. Just when they were beginning to think Baylor had the best team in the league, along came TEXAS. The suddenly aroused Longhorns, shooting a remarkable 66% at Austin, stomped on the Bears and sent them back to Waco with a shattering 95-74 loss. But Baylor Coach Bill Meneff still had hopes for his team. "We're down in the dumps, all right," he said. "But my boys are good, red-blooded Americans. We'll rise up again!"

Meneff's words may have sounded like a loser's lament but, sure enough, the next time out his red-blooded Americans rose up and swatted Arkansas 84-75 as Ed Horne hit for 23 points and Darrell Hardy came off the bench to score 19. TEXAS A&M also got back in the race when 6-foot-9 John (The Bomb) Beasley, shooting his flat line drives for 36 points, led the Aggies past TCU 72-71 and Rice 93-55. But TEXAS TECH, which beat the Phillips Oilers 101-91 in an exhibition, and SMU, idle last week, still shared the SWC lead.

OKLAHOMA CITY's droll Abe Lemons, who likes to take his country boys around to see the nation's sights, may wish that he had kept his Chiefs at home this time. After Perry Lee Wells, a hop-dipping, streaking warrior with the ball, scored 34 points in an 89-82 win over Hardin-Simmons in Oklahoma City, the Chiefs began a seven-game road trip by losing to CU-VA 94-76.

HOKKIN'S Guy Lewis introduced a new grimek against North Texas State. He plunked down two teams every 10 minutes, and they thrashed the foot-weary Eagles 117-83. TEXAS WESTERN held off rallying Air Force to win 60-57 as Bob Doherty, a 5-foot-10 marksman, hit all eight of his shots from 20 to 30 feet out.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (10-1)
2. SAN FRANCISCO (10-4) 3. ARIZONA (10-4)

There was just no stopping UCLA. With their harassing zone press working magnificently,

Olympic Volleyballer Keith Erickson whirling in the air like a windmill to bat down shots and Gail Goodrich firing in baskets from outside, the Bruins clobbered California 76-54 and Stanford 80-66. "They just give you the shock treatment," marveled Stanford's stunned Howie Doltmar.

UCLA was rapidly running out of AAUW challengers, unc, despite impressive victories over Stanford 75-59 and Cal 75-55, hardly looked like a fair match for the Bruins. And Oregon State, already a loser to UCLA, fell twice more, to WASHINGTON 79-70 and WASHINGTON STATE 64-53.

Santa Clara, which surprised SAN FRANCISCO in the recent West Coast AC holiday tournament final, never had a chance against the talented Dons last Saturday. Big Erwin Mueller, Joe Ellis and Ollie Johnson put San Francisco ahead by 27 points with 10 minutes to play, and then the reserves held on for an 89-77 victory. But the Dons still had to share the conference lead with PACIFIC, a 61-52 winner over St. Mary's.

The ever-changing Western A.C. had a new leader. ARIZONA, with its good defense operating superbly, took all the run out of free-wheeling Brigham Young and Utah. The



FLOATING GRACEFULLY in mid-air, Miami's ace Jeff Gehring evades Ohio's Mike Haley (10) to score in 58-48 win at Oxford.

Wildcats edged BYU 73-73 and then out-shot Utah 57-48. But New Mexico's defense went to pieces against Wyoming. The surprising Cowboys cut down the Lobos 79-74 at Albuquerque, breaking their 11-game winning streak. Independent COLORADO STATE's strategy for Utah State was simple: mix ball control with sudden offensive sinkers to throw the slower Aggies off balance. It was successful, as Lonnie Wright scored 23 points, and Colorado State won 89-78. **END**

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RINGSIDE
Sirs:

It is going to take more than the good offices of SI and Robert Boyle to alter the so-called "popular impression" that boxing is dead (*A Year of Devotion*, Jan. 4). It seems obvious that the "sport" of boxing will be around a long time to come, but unless professional boxing is really cleaned up—ridded of the crooks, exploiters, hoods and fistic phonies riding a crest of advertising backed by the underworld—I do not think the public will take the bait again. There is nothing inherently wrong in wishing to encourage boxing, but even as Mr. Boyle speaks of the greater sophistication among the sport's aficionados it is obvious that something is still very rotten. The heavyweight hierarchy lived in the article is a disgrace, as are some of the other divisions' leaders. It is apropos of the problem that the very men behind boxing when the public became fed up with some of the televised fixes are still masters of the gym. No amount of whitewashing and optimistic talk will eliminate that fact. The solutions are singular and singularly simple. Just let the best fighters fight honest bouts.

This is no more the "year of decision" for boxing than was 1964. The same problems prevail. In my opinion one of the major evils right now is the tendency to try to evaluate public sentiment as opposed to simply giving the public its money's worth. The treatment of Sonny Liston is a good example. If Sonny is the best heavyweight in the world—and I still feel, despite the last debacle, that beside him Clay is a bad joke—his "trouble-prone" personality is hardly the point.

Traditionally, boxing fans have always gravitated to the hard-nosed lad from the other side of the tracks. And it seems to me that we, the public, are in fact much too sophisticated to want the champ to be a cream-puff image. Why then the continuing interest shown in promoting a glass-jaw like Patterson? If men like Liston were given more actual ring time and involved less with political shadowboxers, people might even be buying TVs solely for the Friday Night Fights. Otherwise, give us a good clean professional game anytime.

JOHN PALMISANO

Albuquerque

FLOCCINAUCINIHILIPILIFICATION

Sirs:

Your recent mention of Dartmouth in *BASKETBALL'S WHIRL* (Jan. 11) contained the implication that Dartmouth men are "fuzzy-checked." This is false and unavowed. Even

though we might think that Mervin Hyman is "fuzzy-checked," we would not print it.

WILLIAM RAFF
RICK PARRY
CURR WILLIAMS
MARK UTIEL
PETER DUNN
MICHAEL RYAN
LEE REICHART
ROBERT LOWE
ROGER GUTNER

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

It is common knowledge that Dartmouth men never get more than one shave per blade, and that in many cases the average is two blades per shave. This condition still exists even with the advent of "beep-beep" and other new stainless steel blades.

J. S. PARKHURST III

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

Our secret game plan for the forthcoming contest with the Princeton-Bradley machine includes beards for all players.

LEONEL BUTTERFIELD III

Hanover, N.H.

ICY BORDER

Sirs:

In regard to your editorial entitled "Head's Up, America" (*SCORECARD*, Jan. 11), I am inclined to agree with Harvard Hockey Coach Ralph Weland concerning the need to bring collegiate hockey rules more up to date with those of the Canadian and professional games. It is my belief, however, that we should be more concerned about "the ever increasing flow" of Canadian hockey players onto our college teams. It is my understanding that there are approximately 300 Canadian boys attending colleges here as recipients of hockey scholarships.

The growth of ice hockey in this country has been more pronounced in recent years and should continue to expand. Indeed, hockey no longer is confined to those areas such as Minnesota, Michigan and the New England states. Youth hockey programs are now in effect in California, Florida, North Carolina, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, among other regions. There are approximately 200 boys between the ages of 10 and 18 in Pittsburgh's hockey program, and most of the games are played on the county's two outdoor artificial rinks, beginning at 6:15 a.m. As one of the coaches, I can attest to the boys' interest, fervor and rapidly increasing ability.

If my information is correct, certain of

our college teams, particularly some of those in the East as well as some of those in the WCHA, are composed predominantly of Canadians—whose hockey skills and ability are widely acknowledged. I am certainly not opposed to Canadians, but such practice is, in my opinion, extremely unfair to our own hockey players.

It is interesting to note that the professional Canadian Football League restricts the number of American "imports," and I would suggest that our colleges give serious consideration to reducing and limiting the number of hockey scholarships for Canadian boys and thus permit a greater number of American boys to play college hockey. If such action were taken, I believe that the quality and caliber of our Olympic hockey teams would be greatly improved in the near future. Although the caliber of our college teams would, in all likelihood, be affected for some time, I venture to say that within a comparatively few years such disadvantages would be far outweighed by the end results.

DONALD J. MYERS

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

I could easily write forever disproving the implications in your one-sided and slightly ignorant comments on the Russian hockey team's recent tour of Canada (*SCORECARD*, Jan. 4).

Of the 300,000 hockey players in Russia, the 18 comprising its team are the best 18 in the country. As for Canada's National team, I know there are few Canadians who can truly say that they are proud of its caliber. However, the reason for this poor caliber is that any promising hockey players in this country are scooped up at an early age by the NHL organizations, none of which seem willing to give them up, even temporarily, to represent their country. Consequently, the Russians, who have been playing as a team for years, look good against the Canadian National team, which is a team composed of the "leftovers," who have been playing together for only a matter of months.

As for your suggestion that a Russian team might come close to matching an NHL team, Clarence S. Campbell is not to blame for such a contest not having taken place. It was made impossible by a rule of the International Ice Hockey Federation, which forbids an amateur team to play a professional team without the express consent of this world amateur body. Agreement on this point will probably soon be reached, since the Russian players are professionals in reality, and I predict that within the next two

continued

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years the Russians will play a pro team, maybe even an NHL team. If the game is played under European rules (which it should not rightly be, since it is they who are challenging us), the NHL team will probably win 8-2. Under Canadian hockey rules the pros will win 12-0.

STEVE JOHNSTONE

Mineral, Que

ROCKS ON THE HEAD

Sirs:

After reading Mr. H. Malcolm Gillette's suggestions (19th Hole, Jan. 18), I feel it is only fitting to add a few more ideas to enhance the "boring" game of basketball. Keeping in line with Mr. Gillette's suggestions, why not have a revolving circular floor instead of the conventional, unmoving rectangular one to go along with Mr. Gillette's "swinging back boards." I'm sure we would then be insured of a low-scoring, "scientific" game.

If this doesn't do the trick, perhaps some five-pound rocks could be intermittently dropped from a platform above the basketball court so further ally Mr. Gillette's boredom!

Keypon, N.J.

CHARLIE BROWN

WESTWARD WHIT

Sirs:

The officials at the Big A had better pick up your boy Whitney Tower's pass after the way he went onboard on Santa Anita's mile track (Golden Days at the Diner's, Jan. 11). Tell Whitney there are still some handicap horses left in the East. The good eastern race riders will depart Santa Anita when Hakeah opens.

Remo

JIM CERRY

Sirs:

As a \$2 bettor who usually goes out to Arlington or Washington Park once a year and subsequently loses his shirt, your timely article on Santa Anita brought back some happy memories. Besides providing the \$2 bettor with every thing he could dream of in the way of comfort, Santa Anita has another asset that Whitney Tower seems to have overlooked.

His name is Bud Baedeker, and he has picked more winners in one day than Tex Macle has in 10 years of fearless football forecasts. Thanks to Baedeker's Guide, I didn't come back to Chicago with a handful of "wan" tickets in my pocket.

Most people go to the races to win, and Santa Anita is as great a place to try as any I have ever come across, especially with friendly Mr. Baedeker and his handy little Guide.

JOHN T. SHAN

Clarendon Hills, Ill.

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YESTERDAY

Rocky Calls It Skuldujjery

It was the one defeat in a stunning record of victories—and the thought of that disputed fight still makes Marciano mad by MYRON COPE

Rocky Marciano was the only heavy-weight champion to go undefeated from the start to the finish of his professional career, an achievement well recorded and widely known. But less documented and less known is the fact that he did once lose a fight, a three-round amateur bout against Coley Wallace, a handsome New York Negro.

Rocky vividly remembers the defeat because, he claims, he really did not lose. No, sir, he insisted recently as he sat in the office of his Fort Lauderdale, Fla., insurance office: he was not beaten, he was robbed.

"I don't like to put a rap on boxing, but even in the amateurs there was maybe some skuldujjery," he said, mauling the word as though it were one of the 43 victims he knocked out in his 49 professional fights.

The year was 1947. Rocky, then Rocco Marchegiano, had won the New England Golden Gloves heavyweight title and had come to New York with the New England team to compete in the Eastern Championships, a tournament sponsored by the New York Daily News. Opponents were drawn by lot, and Rocky was matched against Wallace for his first fight. This was ominous for two reasons.

First, the News had been writing up Wallace as the tournament's star attraction, and with reason. Wallace boxers were already calling him a future world champion, another Joe Louis.

Second, out-of-town boxing coaches generally suspected the judges and referees of being overly sympathetic toward New York fighters. "You gotta knock out a New York fighter to be sure of a win," they warned their boxers time and again. Their reasoning, correct or not, was that the judges, by nursing the New York fighters through the first two days of the tournament, would pack the final card with enough local boys to attract a good crowd to Madison Square Garden.

The tournament opened at Ridgewood Grove, a shoebox fight club in the German section of Brooklyn. Rocky was not frightened, but he was a little worried. "Wallace," he says, "was the terror of New York. Seventeen one-round knockouts!" Both Rocky and the New England team's coach, Tommy Rawson (now a Massachusetts boxing commissioner), agree that the split decision eventually awarded Wallace was outrageous, but the two men remember the progress of the fight differently. Rocky recalls getting somewhat the better of Wallace in the first round, while Rawson remembers him taking a beating.

"I got underneath his punches," says Rocky, "and hit him in the ribcage and elbowed him on the back of the head. He stood tall, like Fazzard Charles, but he couldn't box me because of my awkward maneuvers. Also I had a little hob and weave, even then. So I did fairly well at the first round. I surprised my corner. They said 'You're doing just fine. Now go out there this round and hurt him.'"

Rawson does not recall Rocky doing just fine at all. Wallace, says Rawson, roughed up Rocky with elbows and forearms, and teed off on him. "He threw Rocky all over the place," declares Rawson. "Oh, he hit Rocky some awful punches."

Rocky acknowledges that Wallace out-boxed him in the second round, taking the round by a slim margin, whereas Rawson figures Rocky's memory is playing tricks on him again. "Rocky took the bull by the horns," says Rawson. "He just lifted Coley Wallace like a sack of flour and shoved him around, and Wallace began retreating."

The third round, at any rate, brings Rocky's and Rawson's narratives into concert, like a couple of Mack Bennett fire engines that have parted at a fork in the road and reunited full speed where the roads join three miles distant. Rocky tore into Wallace as the round began. Wallace backpedaled, but Rocky stubbornly

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Marciano by Marciano

honestly worked to pin him on the ropes. "Basically," says Rocky, "my style was always my own. I pressed. Once you get a guy in the corner, he has nowhere to go." With about 45 seconds left in the round, Rocky recalls, he cornered Wallace and for the rest of the fight pounded him with shots to the body.

"Then the bell rang," says Rocky, "and I'll never forget what happened, because I was standing there facing Wallace's corner and saw it. One of his handlers threw a towel at Wallace in disgust, as if to say, 'You hug him, you. You blow the fight.'"

All along Rawson had tried to secure the fight disappointingly, as if he had been refereeing it. He had Rocky winning hug. He was astounded when he heard the decision, and so was the crowd at Ridgewood Grove, which began breaking up the furniture. Gene Tunney went to Rocky's dressing room and told him he had been robbed. Tunney also told him he liked the way he body-punched Wallace, because few amateurs punch to the body.

Meanwhile, a fight manager named Al Weill heard about Rocky's bout and got in touch with Tommy Rawson.

"Tommy, is that your boy?" asked Weill.

"No, he isn't, Al," replied Rawson. "A friend of mine handles him, I'm just the coach of the New England team."

"I like him," said Weill. "You don't mind if I talk to him?"

Rawson said he certainly did not mind, but when he went to report this to Rocky he found himself with a most discouraged fighter who was going to give up the sport. Baseball scouts were interested in Rocky as a catcher, and Rocky told Rawson: "Tommy, I have a chance to play baseball, and I want to get married soon."

"Listen, Rocky," said Rawson. "After last night you'd be crazy to do anything but stick to boxing. Crazy? You can go places!"

Rocky had his doubts. But the more he thought about the Coley Wallace fight, the more confidence he gained in himself—he was sure he had whipped "the new Joe Louis." And Al Weill kept following him and talking to him. So Rocco Marchegiano went places.

Coley Wallace also went on to a pro boxing career, a brief one. But him decision or no, he is still the only man who ever beat Rocky Marciano. **END**



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